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ART. I.—*An account of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. L. L. D., late President of Princeton College.*

(Continued from vol. 1. p. 474.)

WE shall now proceed to state his claims as a philosopher, a president of the college, a writer, a pulpit orator and a man. Dr. Smith, from the earliest period of life, devoted himself exclusively to the cultivation of science. His pretensions as a philosopher do honour to his country. In all his works we discover great justness and profoundness of observation, extensive acquaintance with science and literature, together with a liberal and philosophical cast of thinking. His Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion, his Moral Philosophy, his Lectures upon the Evidences of Christianity delivered to the students in college, his Treatise upon the Figure and Complexion of the human species, and lastly, his sermons, consisting of one volume already published, and what will probably fill two volumes more that are at present in manuscript, are the works upon which his reputation is built, and they are all written with the hand of a master. In his Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion, he has given a concise but neat and perspicuous view of the doctrines and rites of the christian religion, as they are received and practiced in the presbyterian church. His views are decidedly calvinistick,

but couched in terms of so much moderation and liberality, that in his hands they are rendered as little offensive to those who have embraced a different creed, as it is possible to make them. In this treatise he has comprised within a small compass, a great variety of theological learning and useful and interesting disquisition, expressed in a language at once neat and elegant, while his doctrines are recommended by profound reflections and happy illustrations. His Moral Philosophy is certainly among the best productions of this kind at present in the possession of the literary world. As a book for the use of colleges and schools, it is liable to fewer objections than any that can be obtained. The treatise of Dr. Paley on this subject, although perhaps as a work of genius superior to any other, and characterised by all those excellences usually discoverable in the productions of that amiable moralist and elegant writer, is well known, and I believe, generally admitted to be most materially defective in tracing the foundations of moral duty. The excellent work of Hutcheson, is too abstract and diffuse for the use of schools, and that of Dr. Beattie rather an inferior production, and without that body of interesting matter which we have reason to expect in an elementary treatise intended for the instruction of youth. It is a common objection against this work of Dr. Smith, that he has introduced into it many topics, which are irrelative to the subject of moral and political philosophy; and, perhaps, it is, in some degree, liable to an exception of this kind. But even this circumstance which may be admitted to be a real imperfection in the work, when estimated as a production of genius, may be of service to it, when received into our colleges as a manual of instruction in the education of youth. The variety of subjects discussed serves to open, and expand the faculties of youthful minds, to extend the sphere of their acquaintance with science and literature, and at once to gratify their fondness for novelty, and to strengthen and invigorate their intellectual powers. His Lectures upon the Evidences of the Christian Religion, hold a respectable rank with the works

of Stillingfleet, Grotius, Paley, and the numerous writers who have undertaken the discussion of the same subject, and his volume of sermons is one of the best on the subjects of practical divinity, which issued from the press during the last century. The treatise, however, upon which, if he had written no other, he might found a high and well-merited reputation as a philosopher, is that upon the variety of figure and complexion in the human species, which is among the first and best of his productions. It was at first published as delivered to the philosophical society of Philadelphia, and of course much less in size than it now appears in a separate volume, but it may reasonably be doubted whether by introducing into it a greater accumulation of matter, although that matter be of a very interesting and useful kind, and undoubtedly contributes to the information and amusement of the reader, he has not upon the whole weakened the impression, which the argument produces upon the mind. However this may be, in its present form, it is indisputably a masterpiece of philosophical writing, and such as would have done honour to any man that ever lived. He who contributes to the detection and exposure of error and the establishment of the great principles of truth and duty, who exhibits important doctrines in science, morals or religion in new and interesting points of light, recommends them by original embellishments of fancy and all the graces of style and composition, may, alike with him who has the happiness to make great discoveries in philosophy, be regarded as one of the benefactors of his race. In efforts of this kind lies the merit of Dr. Smith, in the treatise of which we are now speaking. If he had not the honour of conceiving the original plan upon which the varieties in the race might be explained, which it is conceded had been sketched out by the philosophers of Europe, he is entitled to the still higher merit of having reduced what they had only conjectured, or feebly supported, to a finished and conclusive argument amounting to the highest degree of moral certainty. His object in this treatise, is

to show that all that great variety exhibited among our race in their stature, complexion and figure, commencing from the Tartar and Simoide in the north of Europe, including the fair complexion and regular features of the temperate zones, the copper-coloured Indian, the deep olive of the Moors, and terminating in the indelibly black of tropical Africa, together with the other peculiarities of that nation, may be explained from the united action of climate, the state of society, and manner of living. Besides that this doctrine would seem to be evidently deducible from the account given in the Sacred Scriptures of the original of our race, which is there traced, in the first instance to Adam our great progenitor, and in the next, to Noah and his sons after the deluge, by whom the whole earth is said to have been overspread, it would appear equally to result by unavoidable inference from the maxims of a sound philosophy. No more causes of things are to be admitted than are both true and sufficient to explain the phenomena, is a maxim which, ever since the days of Newton, has been held as undenialable. That admirable simplicity, which runs through all the adjustments and operations of nature, would seem to indicate that the Creator, in accomplishing the purposes of infinite wisdom, would resort to no more expedients than are absolutely necessary to the attainment of his ends. If, therefore, from, a single pair, or from the family of Noah, in the natural course of propagation, the whole globe would be speedily peopled and the purposes of the Creator in replenishing it with inhabitants be accomplished, it would be against all the principles of a just philosophy to resort to the supposition of a diversity of origin, in order to account for the varieties which exist. Nothing can be imagined more unphilosophical and less founded in fact and experience, than the opinion of those who, with Voltaire, imagine different races to be produced, suited to their various situations, like vegetable productions springing out of the soils to which they are severally adapted. Such

a crude and unconcocted theory as this could have arisen only out of a wanton spirit of hostility to religion. How completely would the scene displayed in this affair have been reversed, had the Sacred Scriptures contained an account of the original of the human race, and the first settlement of the globe, conformable to the views of those who now undertake, by this indirect means, to invalidate their claims to credit? Had they informed us, that progenitors for the different nations sprang up, like mushrooms, suited to their conditions upon the globe; what sage lessons would have been read to us by the same men who are now maintaining these absurdities, about the simplicity of nature in her operations, the necessity of being guided in all our inquiries by the strictest rules of philosophising, which require us to assign no more causes of things than are absolutely necessary to explain the phenomena, and since a single pair would be all that would be necessary to the population of the earth, it would be contrary to the principles of right reason, to suppose that the Supreme Being would have originally created more? This method of reasoning would at least be more consistent with their usual course of procedure in attacking the doctrines of religion or the authority of revelation, than the one to which they have resorted in the present case, as they generally wish to conduct their operations against us, if not with the genuine and authentic arms of philosophy, at least, with those which counterfeit her venerable image and superscription. Complaint has been made on this subject, that the advocates of the identity of the race, by attempting to enlist revelation on their side, would wish to extinguish the lights of philosophical investigation or stifle the voice of free inquiry. But might not the same complaint be made with equal justness and application, in reference to any other doctrines inculcated upon the authority of revelation? Might not the Sacred Scriptures be considered as liable to a similar reprobation, because they establish the truths

that there is a God, a future state of rewards and punishments, an immortal existence intended for the souls of men, and all the other tenets of the christian faith, and no longer allow a license to the erring reason of men, to subject them to the trial of vain and doubtful disputation? Far be it from us to feel any inclination to check the progress of free inquiry, or set limits to that full and ample range, which we would allow to philosophy while she confines her researches within those tracts, over which God and nature have assigned her a just and lawful dominion. We are sensible of no tendency to partake of that spirit of bigotry and intolerance, which led to the persecution of Roger Bacon and Copernicus, exposed Gallileo to confinement, and put his life in jeopardy for his philosophical discoveries; but we cannot conceive why what is undoubtedly revealed in the word of God or deducible from it by unavoidable inference, should be withheld or not boldly maintained, and pertinaciously adhered to, from an apprehension of checking reason in her range, or stifling the voice of free inquiry. We entertain no fears that after a full and complete investigation, the doctrine inculcated in Sacred Scripture on this or any other topic will be found at variance with the conclusions of a just philosophy. The experience of the church in the case of Gallileo, if she had not been taught many other lessons of a similar nature during the course of her history, should have put her on her guard, not to be too sensitive or over-jealous in points of this kind, or allow her fears to be too easily alarmed, for the safety of that precious treasure of divine truth, entrusted to her keeping; but, to repose in entire confidence upon the conviction, that the same God who has indited his holy word, will not allow it to be invalidated or falsified by his works, when rightly interpreted. As far as the parallel has been hitherto run, between the word of God and his works, as disclosed to us by the discoveries of science, the accordance, or correspondence traced between them has

been strict and wonderful, and it is not likely, that any future investigations of science, will be found to set them at variance with each other. The truth of this observation has been still more strikingly verified in the present instance. Dr. Smith has shown, in the treatise, whose merits we are now canvassing, that the inference to which we should be naturally led from the representations of sacred scripture, in regard to the identity of the human race, is the same which we should deduce from the principles of philosophy. We cannot but be of opinion, that any one who shall take the trouble, not only to read, but to study and comprehend this work, will find that by his able and learned argument upon the subject, he has fairly brought it to a conclusion, and supplied us with an evidence, as satisfactory to the understanding as the nature of the case admits. To all the objections, which have been alleged against his system, commencing with those of that elegant writer and profound critic lord Kaims, and terminating in the efforts of some later authors, who have had the presumption to controvert his principles, without taking the trouble to comprehend them, we consider him as having furnished satisfactory refutations. That his doctrine will ultimately triumph, and that all future discoveries of science will contribute to its support and confirmation, we entertain not the smallest doubt; nor that the work in which it is maintained, will, by all those who are capable of judging, be regarded as a valuable accession to the stock of human knowledge, and remain a lasting monument of his genius.

From his pretensions as a philosopher, we proceed to those which he sustained as the president of the college. His talents, it is true, were rather of the contemplative than the executive kind, and he was more fitted for researches and speculations of the closet, than for the prompt exertions, the quick perception of the best expedients to accomplish ends, together with the ready and vigorous prosecution of them,

which are indispensable qualifications in conducting to successful issues, the affairs of active life. To cool contemplation, or the calm pursuits of mild philosophy, rather than to the tumult and heat of action, he seems to have been formed by his habits, which were those of study and reflection. But, on important occasions in which his feelings became engaged, and his sense of duty propelled him to exertion, no man discovered more promptitude, decision and energy of character, or more firmness and perseverance. He entered upon the duties of the presidency in the college at a conjuncture, in which they had become peculiarly delicate and arduous. The French revolution which had just taken place, at the same time, that it uprooted the very foundation of the ancient monarchy of that nation, and threw the state into confusion and wild misrule as well as deluged it with blood, did not confine its effects to the limits of that single kingdom, but extended its influence to many of the contemporary nations. In no country was this effect more sensibly felt than in our own, as was natural, on account of the severe struggle from which we had just released ourselves in the establishment of our independence, and the train of feelings and opinions to which that struggle gave rise. It awoke among the citizens of this republic an enthusiasm in favour of the civil rights of mankind, which had an immediate tendency to extravagance and excess, and which extended itself throughout all the departments of civil and social life. If our people were not prepared to consider all government useless and oppressive, they were at least not in a condition to bear with tameness and acquiescence any thing that bore the semblance of a restraint upon their liberty. From the members of the republic this infection spread itself among our youth, who strange to tell, carried these false notions of liberty along with them into our seminaries of learning, and the same cause that gave rise to all the uneasiness of our Washington, the stay of the federal government and the guardian

genius of his country, and which on more than one occasion shook to its foundations the noble fabric he had reared, extended its action also into the colleges and schools of our country. The spirit of insubordination, which showed itself amongst the students and their unceasing tendency to tumult and revolt against the exercise of just and lawful authority, was the spring out of which flowed all Dr. Smith's anxieties and difficulties, in discharging the duties of his high and responsible station. From this fruitful source, storm after storm succeeded in the institution, which required all the address, influence and knowledge of human nature, which he could summon to his aid, to prevent from leading to its utter ruin. On these occasions, his readiness of resource, his firmness and decision of character, his commanding powers of eloquence, and all those talents that constitute real greatness, as it is capable of being exhibited in active life, conspicuously appeared. The dignity of his presence overawed disaffection and revolt. Never did he address himself in vain to the students under his care. His eloquent appeals to their understandings, their pride of character, and their sense of duty were always irresistible. Armed with his powers, the authority of college never failed to triumph. Confusion and wild uproar heard his voice and was still. Severe as was the contests he had thus frequently to sustain with the students, they never ceased to regard him with the highest respect, and to entertain for his person undiminished affection. Of all those young men who were successively under his charge, I very much doubt whether a single one could be found who does not cherish for his memory the highest veneration. Never, perhaps, did any president of a college receive from his pupils a more flattering proof of attention and respect, than he received from his, when, after the conflagration of the college-buildings, he was taking his journey through the middle and southren states, in order to make up subscriptions to defray the expense of repairing the

injuries which had been sustained. The gentlemen in the several districts through which he passed, who had graduated under his care, met together to consult not only about the best method of paying their respects to him, by waiting upon him in person, but also for the purpose of anticipating, in the way the most grateful to his feelings, the object of his visit. To save him from the task, at no time agreeable, of making application in person to the men of wealth in the places through which he went, they not only presented him unsolicited the several sums which they themselves subscribed, but voluntarily undertook the office, of soliciting in his stead the contributions of others. An act of complicated virtue, by which they at once discharged the obligation of gratitude which they owed to their venerable preceptor, exhibited an example of the most delicate courtesy to the object of their esteem, and fulfilled an important public duty.

As a writer he is entitled to a very distinguished rank. He had a mind which was, indeed, capable of comprehending the abstruse and penetrating into the profound, but which following its natural impulses, chose rather to devote itself to the acquisition of what is elegant and agreeable in science and literature. If his natural parts did not prompt him, with Locke, Clarke and Butler, successfully to fathom the depths of that vast ocean of truth and certainty presented to us in metaphysics and divinity; with Addison, Pope and Swift, he found a high degree of mental enjoyment in exploring the more flowery fields of the Belles-lettres, and all that part of knowledge which comes under the denomination of polite learning. With this kind of literary treasure his mind was richly stored, and he was at all times able to give vent to it in a correct and elegant style of writing. He was versed in the Latin, Greek, French and Hebrew languages; and his style of writing was remarkably neat and chastened, when compared with that which is now becoming every day more and more prevalent. In his works we find none of those

meretricious ornaments, that perpetual splendour of diction, those studied efforts to dazzle by brilliant thoughts, and pompous expressions, which are now becoming but too common, and are always sure indications of a corrupt taste. His periods, it is true, are generally well turned, and harmonious, and he discovers no disinclination to receive legitimate embellishments of fancy, when they come to him unsought. His style is full, flowing and polished, but never glitters with gaudy ornaments. If there be any fault that is worthy of being noticed, it is the want of ease, grace and that artless simplicity which give to the production of some writers an irresistible charm. Whatever defects, however, a scrupulous criticism might descry in the compositions of this writer, they are compensated by his uniform perspicuity, strength and elegance, the most indispensable requisites in fine writing. Circumstances elicit the powers of authors, as well as the talents of those who perform their parts upon the active scenes of life, and are called upon to gain the ear of listening senates or sway the rod of empires. Had Dr. Smith lived at the time of the reformation, or at any critical and interesting period in the history of the church, when great interests were at stake and important controversies maintained, he would have been found one of the ablest champions, that ever espoused a cause. In the days of Luther, Calvin and Cranmer, when all his powers would have been excited into strenuous exertion, we very much overrate his talents, if he would not have approved himself a worthy coadjutor to those illustrious men and entirely equal to that sublime undertaking on which they had embarked.

As a pulpit orator he would have done honour to any age or nation. There was a dignity and even majesty in his person and appearance in the pulpit, as well as in his conceptions and style of speaking, which excited involuntary respect and commanded the most unremitting attention. He seems to have formed himself upon that imaginary model of a perfect pulpit orator, which Dr. Blair in his excellent lec-

tures upon rhetoric has so well delineated, in whose sermons and mode of address there should be transfused into the sound sense and masterly argument of the English preachers, the spirit, fire and vehemence of the French. To a certain extent, it must be admitted, that he carried into execution what his mind had conceived. In his sermons there was always contained a large body of judicious and interesting matter, wrought with the highest art, and the whole animated with the glow of passion and imagination. Adorned by his genius the pulpit was converted into a fountain at once of light to illuminate the understandings of his hearers, and of heat to warm and fructify their hearts. We have often listened to preachers who, at times, would produce a more powerful effect upon their audience and awake more sensation; but we have never heard one who throughout the whole of his address afforded them a richer and more delightful repast. His discourses were always constructed with exquisite art and address, commencing with a regular exordium and exciting a deeper interest as he advanced through their different stages, and such was the earnestness and pathos of his mode of delivery, and his masculine eloquence, that the attention seldom flagged until he arrived at the conclusion. His oratory was a gentle stream that flowed, for the most part equably and smoothly, but, which at times could swell into the force, impetuosity and sublimity of the torrent. His voice was clear, full and harmonious, his enunciation distinct, his gestures few, but significant and impressive, his whole appearance dignified and imposing, and, on some occasions, when he was more than usually excited by passion, every feature spoke, and that fine expressive eye, which nature had given him, became lighted up with a fire which penetrated every heart. In him we perceived no frothy declamations, no little arts to captivate the vulgar, none of the tricks and flourishes of eloquence, with which the discourses of those preachers who aim at popularity are too frequently disgrac-

ed. All was sober, chastened and dignified both in his matter and manner. A vein of ardent but rational piety ran through his discourses that warmed every bosom, and kept the devotional feelings in a state of agreeable and wholesome excitement. No one returned from the church in which he had officiated without being sensible his heart had been made better, his understanding furnished with useful aliment for reflection, and his moral feelings softened and improved. In his private qualities he was no less distinguished than in his public character. His person was somewhat above the ordinary size, his limbs well proportioned, his complexion fair and delicate, the features of his countenance which were regular, remarkably handsome, and strongly marked with the lines of thinking, were crowned by an open and manly forehead and a large blue eye, in a high degree expressive and penetrating, and which, when any thing interested him, kindled with intelligence and spoke the language of an ardent and noble mind. To a person thus well proportioned, he added an agreeable and insinuating address and an ease and urbanity of manners, that would have adorned the most polished circles and given grace and dignity to a court. His principles were all of a high and honourable kind, and bore the stamp of greatness and of the sternest integrity. No man had a deeper detestation of vice, or would more instinctively have shrunk from any act that would have cast a blemish upon the purity of his character. Slander did, indeed, as usual, fabricate against him her calumnious tale and essay to tarnish his reputation, and that envy which could not reach his excellence endeavoured to bring him down to its own level, but the uniform tenor of his life, answered and refuted the aspersions of his detractors. In domestic life his manners were amiable, affable and engaging. As a husband, parent and master, no one could be more gentle, affectionate and lenient in the exercise of discipline. To his family he was indulgent even to a fault. Arduous as were his public

duties and devoted as he was to the pursuit of science and literature, he found time to assist in the education of his own children, daughters as well as the only son that lived beyond the state of infancy; and after repeated strokes of the palsy had disqualified him from his attendance on the duties of the college, we find him spending the last remains of his strength in educating his little grand children, two sons of a favourite daughter, Mrs. Prevost, whom he had the misfortune to lose some years after her marriage. With politics he never publicly interfered, after the conclusion of the revolutionary war, although at its commencement in his youth, he is said to have assisted by his eloquent sermons, in exciting among the people in the state of Virginia a spirit of resistance to the measures at that time proposed and adopted by the parliament of England. He was a warm and decided friend to rational liberty, but a determined enemy to that democratick rage, which would level all those distinctions so necessary to the existence of society, pull down authorities and powers, and under the sacred name of liberty, give rise to a general insubordination and licentiousness, incompatable with the existence of a just and equal government. Under these impressions, he was a warm supporter of the administration of Washington, and ranked among those who amidst the party distinctions of the times, were denominated federalists. As a friend and companion, he is not so highly to be commended as for his domestic qualities. There was a coldness, reserve, and even stateliness in his demeanor, arising probably from his habits of abstract reflection and close application to study, which threw a damp at first upon the efforts of those who were desirous of approaching him on terms of intimacy and friendship. Upon more familiar intercourse, however, this reserve was laid aside towards those whom he esteemed, and his natural frankness, cordiality, and susceptibility of the tenderest attachments, appeared. Upon one thing his friends might calculate with per-

fect confidence, that he would never deceive them by false appearances. He professed no regard which he did not feel, and where he made overtures of esteem and friendship, it was always done in candour and sincerity. His generous and noble mind, was infinitely superior to all dissimulation, disguise or artifice. He was equally above all intrigue and management to promote his own elevation. The honours which were conferred upon him, came to him unsought and unsolicited. To the advantages and splendour which are derived from wealth, he appeared to be entirely indifferent. Of these his own intrinsic worth and real greatness prevented from ever feeling the want, while his religion taught him to elevate his views and affections above them. His piety was genuine and sincere, without being obtrusive, deep and heartfelt without being gloomy, ardent but not noisy, active but not ostentatious. His uniform integrity and uprightness of conduct, his sedulous devotion to all his moral and religious duties, his unabated zeal for the promotion of the temporal and spiritual interests of his fellow-men, the readiness and alacrity with which he entered into all plans of usefulness, and above all, his calm, composed and happy exit from the world, showed, as far as such matters can be exhibited to the view of men, that he had a good conscience, and that the fear of God reigned in his heart, and was the ruling spring of all his actions. He has gone to his great account and we doubt not, that his works of piety and virtue will follow him, and through the mercy of his Creator, will render his futurity as blessed as his life was exemplary, and his death tranquil. The peace of Heaven be with his spirit.— Illustrious man! A pupil who once revered thee as a preceptor and whom thou afterwards didst honour with thy friendship, would erect to thee this frail monument, as a memento at once of his gratitude and attachment. By the efforts of thy genius thou hast reared for thyself, an imperishable monument. Long shall thy memory be cherished by the

friends of science and virtue, of religion and thy country, of which thou wast so bright an ornament. May thy mantle fall upon thy successors in the pulpit, and thy spirit and eloquence be caught, in promulgating the doctrines of thy Divine Master. Taught by thy great and good example, may future divines and orators of the pulpit, place their chief glory in the triumphs of their sacred eloquence over the vices and passions of mankind, and in conducting them by the charm of a virtuous and pious life in the ways of peace and salvation.

ART. II.—*Sketches of an Excursion from Edinburgh to Dublin.*

(concluded.)

May 5.—Rising betimes, I bent my steps towards the pass of Borrowdale. It was the 'hour of prime,' and truly,

—*ροδοδακτυλα ηως*—

a 'rosy fingered morn.' The sun indeed was hardly risen, but the dappled east gave presage of his near approach. The air breathed a balmy fragrance;—not a ripple played upon the surface of the lake;—all around was peaceful and motionless.

Leaving the town of Keswick, I entered upon a path which followed closely the margin of the Derwent,—keeping it on the right, Skiddaw was behind,—his summit gray with the morning mists; Helvellyn further off on the left, rose towering in his pride;—like a giant, overtopping the vassal heights which encircled him.

A walk of a mile or two brought me to a thick wood, which presented a luxuriant, native growth of oak, beech, ash, birch, poplar and elder. These trees abound in the neighbourhood of the lake;—indeed, throughout the valley of K. there is much of woodland, and some of it in the first order.—Several beautiful rills, spanned by rustic little

bridges, crossed my path;—the noise of their waterfalls, breaking upon the ear, relieved the stillness of morning: soon too, the warbling of the sky-lark was heard, a prelude to a general concert which burst from every hedge and thicket and wood.—

The road at length conducted to a champaign tract, which was spread at the feet of a steep eminence on the left;—the latter rather barren as well as rugged. A shepherd—or I should say, his busier dog,—was leading a small flock to the hill side to clip the little herbage which it yielded. As I continued my walk, the valley narrowed, though what remained of it was still lovely. The hill on the other hand, under which I was passing, assumed a sterner aspect; and gradually changed to a perpendicular ridge of cliffs, forming a solid wall of many hundred feet in height. Large masses of rocks which had been dislodged in conflicts of the elements, and tumbled from a fearful elevation, were strown along the way-side, and in some places almost entirely blocked the passage.—Further on, the Fall of Lowdore presented itself. There was little about it, to attract attention. The stream being low, all that it exhibited was a narrow strip of foam sliding down a rocky declivity, of an hundred and fifty feet or more, and falling with a gentle murmur upon a bed of smoothly chafed pebbles. From the breadth of the channel however, it is obvious, that the body of water must be greatly increased in seasons of freshes. At such times the aspect of things is doubtless materially changed;—and the Fall of Lowdore, now so gentle and pretty, transformed into a wild and terrible cataract.

Approaching the entrance into Borrowdale, I paused to admire the little hamlet of Grange. A scene so perfectly picturesque, considering all its accompaniments, I think I never beheld. The cots were clustered on the margin of a softly flowing current whose waters were clear to transparency. A group of aged pines threw their dark shadows

over them; a few yards distant, an old bridge partly delapidated, but which aided admirably the effect of the landscape, connected the opposite banks of the little river;—around the hamlet were several neatly trimmed gardens; and far down the valleys extended a succession of rich pastures and fertile meads, whereon herds of cattle were straying, and the peasantry actively plying their morning labours. The whole scene was in *keeping*:—its features perfectly harmonised; and over the whole there was an air of Claude-like softness which was inexpressibly lovely.

Nothing however could be more striking than the contrast which this scene bore to the savage aspect of the mountain glens within which I was entering. The beautiful and the picturesque soon vanished; and I found myself enclosed within a defile hemmed on all sides by lofty, precipitous crags, or hills scarcely less rugged and bleak. So sudden and entire was the change, that the whole seemed the effect of magic. The impression moreover made by the objects a little before witnessed remaining fresh and vivid, and the path which I was pursuing, continuing to wind among fells and passes the features of which at every step became wilder,—I could not help looking back in recollection upon the dale of Grange, with some such feelings as Mirzah must have gazed upon the Isles of the blessed. The comparison indeed would have failed most in the objects which immediately surrounded us; for if the mountains of Bagdad are as sterile as those of Borrowdale that must have been a strange fancy which induced a contemplatist to select them as the scene of devotional meditations.

The Fells of Borrowdale are singularly precipitous and abrupt. They crowd too so much upon one another that the defiles which separate them are very narrow, and greatly obstructed with the rocky fragments which often fall from the neighbouring acclivities. The mountains being chiefly composed of slate, at least in their external structure, splin-

ters and indeed heavy masses are easily disintegrated; and the ravages committed in their descent are sometimes very terrible.

Their summits and sides are mostly bare, and exhibit only here and there a tinge of green:—a few blades of grass perhaps, or a patch of stunted heath.—The birch however, as usual, persists in asserting his claim to the scanty soil which is left; and it was curious to see a fearless little sapling, among some of the topmost crags where only the eagle would build her ærie—thrusting its slender branches through the yawning clefts, and waving sportingly in the wind.

With difficulty I clambered an eminence, near an high steep called castle crag, and sheltering myself from the wind under a ledge of rocks, contemplated for some time the scene around; and the impressions which it has left upon my mind can never be erased. The clouds which had previously lowered seemed to assume an angrier cast, and threw a peculiar gloom over every object. The wind swept through the crags in hoarse sullen murmurs;—above, an eagle was sailing round a cliff, and occasionally piercing the air with its cry;—near me a mountain stream dashed from the rocks, and rushed furiously into a ravine beneath;—not the slightest trace of a human habitation, nor in fact, of a human footstep excepting along the half-beaten track by which I had entered the pass, appeared, on any side;—even the sheep which had been seen browsing on Skiddaw, and near the feet of Helvellyn, had deserted this frightful waste, and the whole seemed condemned to sterility, and designed as the very seat of desolation. The scene was one on which the genius of Salvator might have loved to riot,—but for myself, were it possible, I should prefer to contemplate it when transferred to the canvass, than again behold it in its native wildness and deformity.—Indeed, my feelings were never so powerfully affected by any scene before; and I can truly say that all my imagination had ever depicted of the sub-

lime in natural objects fell short of what I now saw and *felt*, what impression indeed, an alpine scene would excite, as yet I know not;—but that scene must be awfully grand which can *surpass* in effect, the solemn wildness which reigns over this pass and the surrounding fells of Borrowdale.*

* The little which the writer has since witnessed, has not induced him to subtract a single iota from the above description, and that given in a former paper, of the impressions naturally produced by a view of the mountain scenery of Keswick, and its environs. It possesses a character perfectly distinctive and 'seu generis';—and although differing in expression is nowise inferior in effect to many of the stronger features of the alpine landscape.—There is such a thing as having too much of *mountain*; and the writer refers to any traveller who has visited the Vale of Chamouni for the truth of this remark;—as seen from there, Mont Blanc and his imperial brotherhood appear inordinately and disproportionately huge;—and the reason obviously is, that while they are thus immensely enlarged, the other objects in their neighbourhood retain their natural dimensions, and consequently exhibit a contrast which borders not a little on the ludicrous.—The river Arve though respectable enough in itself, seems nothing more than a paltry brook:—the tall firs which wave upon the acclivities of the mountains dwindle into insignificant shrubs;—the valley of Chamouni narrows into a Scottish glen:—and the town in the centre, a short distance off, has the appearance of a group of martin boxes.

But, in remarking in general upon the disappointing effect of Alpine scenery, the writer would be understood to except the vale and neighbourhood of Geneva. No view on earth perhaps, can rival the combined beauty and grandeur of the latter as displayed from Mt. St. Claude on the Jura;—and this precisely for the reason that every object properly harmonises for the effect of the whole perspective. He never can forget the impression produced upon him, when from that summit, the valley with its stupendous girdle of mountains was first descried. Just then the declining sun was gilding the distant glaciers of the Alps, Mont Blanc and Mont Rosa were sufficiently removed to bear a due proportion to the surrounding objects. The nearer Alps matched perfectly with the valley beneath; which latter throughout its extent was embellished with tints of the richest magnificence; whilst the lake, stretching to an immense distance, till lost in the mountains of the Vallais and the Pays de Vaud, resembled, at the height I viewed it, a broad majestic river, Ovid's—*Speluncae, vivique lacus, et Tempe amœna*,—would have expressed well a part of the scene; but better, if coupled with,——*nubiferos montes, et saxa minantia cœlo*.

Descending the hill, I prepared to retrace my steps,—satisfied with what I had seen of Borrowdale's mountains and defiles. A second view of the dale and hamlet of Grange confirmed the impressions which its beauty had before excited. Near the edge of it I passed a peasant cutting peats;—a fuel however which he said is little used by the villagers or any of the neighbouring inhabitants. Coals and wood, are chiefly burnt;—and are prefered both for cheapness and usefulness.

Near the town of Keswick, I was met by a buxom damsel who, with a face tinged with a bloom which Hebe might have envied, came bounding along, skipping a slack rope, and showing more of her legs in the exercise than comported with the most feminine modesty:—her *hose* I would have said, but this would have been a licence of speech on a par with a Highlander's *knee-buckle*. She paused on my passing, and dropt her head to conceal, as I thought, a blush;—but, in this I was doubtless mistaken, for a moment after, she commenced again with an agility which would have done honour to Harlequin.

The public clock was striking eleven as I entered Keswick. The many satisfactions which I had experienced on my ramble rendered me in some degree insensible to its length and fatigue;—but on the whole I was nowise unwilling to take up for a while with other enjoyments, and suspend the gratification of gazing upon valleys and rocks and mountains for the substantial comforts and refreshing shelter of the Royal Oak.'—

I had resolved yesterday upon ascending Helvellyn to-day should I have ascertained the attempt to be practicable;—but it is represented as attended with so much danger and labour, particularly at this season of the year, that I have abandoned the thought entirely. The chief difficulty is in the heavy clouds, which often suddenly come over its summit, rendering a safe return almost impossible. A year or

two ago, a strong experienced young man, well acquainted with the mountain, attempted a journey over it, and being overtaken in this manner, was unable to find his way down and perished. The justice of those representations I saw signally exemplified, on leaving the pass of Borrowdale. Thick mists suddenly rolled over the heights which I had just left, and in a few minutes completely concealed their summits. What enhances the danger in such an extremity is the number of precipices which occur at irregular intervals, down which a person is liable to fall, without being apprised a moment before of his danger.

To one contemplating the effect at a distance, there is something strikingly grand in the appearance which those clouds exhibit when investing the mountain tops. The face of the heavens has been seldom free from them during any part of the day;—and in returning from my morning's walk, I often lingered to behold them sweeping majestically along, and throwing their loose aerial drapery over the summits of the surrounding mountains.

But Keswick, as is well known, boasts other attractions than the charms of its landscape. It is distinguished by being the residence of Mr. S. the poet laureat; and a fitter place for wooing the 'coy muse,' he could not have selected. Her favourite Helicon did not offer a better: This gentleman is chief of a trio who constitute what is termed the Lake school of Poetry:—their different but equally eccentric tastes, and brilliant genius, having introduced and given celebrity to, an order of composition of a peculiar and novel character. I had anticipated the satisfaction of a personal interview with Mr. S.; but on arriving in Keswick, was disappointed in learning that he was absent in London on the famous 'Wat Tyler' affair.

At one o'clock in company with a Swedish traveller, I left Keswick for Penrith, distant eighteen miles. Two miles from the former on the summit of a hill near the road, we

stopped to examine a Druidical remain. It is of an oval form; the greatest diameter being about 150 feet in length. The stones which compose the figure are chiefly standing; they are ranged at some distance apart, and are about six feet above the ground. It is probable, however, that they have sunk considerably, owing to their weight, and the long period in which they have remained in their present position. In the centre of the circle is a clump of small larches; and on one side is a massive flat stone, which an antiquary would doubtless have pointed out as the old altar. Instead, however, of the ferocious priests who once celebrated thereon the rites of their horrid superstition, and fattened the soil around with the blood of human victims, the only living creatures which we saw, on entering the area, were a few sheep, that were feeding peaceably upon the green sward.

Pursuing our route we often looked back upon the retiring vale of Keswick. Distance, as it softened, seemed to add new loveliness to its features. The rich meads of Newdale and St. Johnsdale, watered by the limpid Greta, which next appeared, pleased us very much. Saddleback, a huge mishapen lump of a mountain, soon came in sight. Though possessing little beauty in its general aspect, in point of magnitude it yields to none of the English mountains, with the exception of Helvellyn. Our road conducted us along its base. Near Threlkeld, we noticed the effects of the bursting of a surcharged thunder cloud:—the water having committed frightful ravages in its descent into the valey. Approaching Penrith we traversed some extensive downs; covered, as usual, by fine flocks of sheep. Saddleback, as we receded from it, looked bolder than on a first view. Its top is naked, a circumstance which rather adds to its grandeur, instead of diminishing it. It shows more distinctly its outline; and in one or two points of view discloses with tolerably good effect the stupendous masses of rocks which crown its summit.

Near the town of Penrith are the extensive ruins of a castle. It is constructed of red free stone, which, a short distance off, resembles brick. Its appearance, of course, is very indifferent; and it is destitute moreover of ivy, moss and other usual mourning habiliments of English castle ruins.—To an American, the frequency of those ruins is truly astonishing. England especially abounds with them; and wherever the traveller goes, he is sure to meet with them. Sometimes, and particularly in certain stages of decay, they greatly embellish the landscape. Abbey ruins also, are occasionally seen; and they form a feature entirely distinct, but equally picturesque with the former. An American, however, whatever satisfaction there may be to the eye, in surveying these objects, has little reason to regret the want of them in his own country. They are all the mournful monuments of the mutations of human prosperity;—and many of them to an Englishman, are standing remembrancers of events which he could gladly consign to oblivion.—The *finest* of these ruins, whether castle or abbey, which the tourist meets with in his rambles through this country, he owes to the violence of the two most tyrannic rulers, who ever governed England;—the former to the cannon of Cromwell, and the latter to the rapacity of Henry 8th.

Penrith is rather a mean looking town. The *red* freestone of which its houses are built, gives it a dingy and disagreeable appearance; although it answers better for houses than for castles. It is an ancient town, and was formerly claimed and held by the Scots. The English however, at length succeeded, not only in disputing their title to it, but in removing their border thirty miles further north.

The river Emont flows a short distance from the town. While dinner was preparing we walked to it, and visited also the frontier village of Westmoreland;—the river forming the boundary line here between the counties of Cumberland and W. On the north bank of the Emont are two spacious caves,

of narrow and difficult entrance, dug from the solid rock, which it is supposed were intended as places of safety during the incursions of the Scots. However this may be, the latter also have found it convenient to avail themselves of similar precautions in times of English invasions. Not long since, visiting the domain of Roslin, I explored those caverns which have been excavated with incredible labour, from a rock which overhangs the north Esk, about a mile distant from the castle. The largest is ninety feet long, and communicates with the other cave, the outer entrance being from the face of the rock towards the river by a ladder which was drawn up and let down at pleasure. Those caverns, it is reported, have often afforded shelter to the family and weaker tenantry of Roslin. Happy it is for the cause of humanity, as well as for the interests of the two kingdoms, that neither these, nor other mutual defences are requisite for the security of their respective inhabitants;—that one common throb of national feeling beats responsive in every bosom;—and that the stranger now searches uncertainly for the border line, which formerly was traced in blood from Berwick bay to the Frith of Solway.

May 6th.—Adjoining Penrith, is an high hill which commands an excellent view of the country, for a wide circuit. The morning proving uncommonly clear I was induced at an early hour to ascend it, and was amply repaid for the exertion. The hill stands within a park, or rather, chase, belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale. Formerly, it served as a look-out, and was a very important station for that purpose. On its summit is a watch-tower in almost entire preservation. It is constructed with immensely thick walls, through which are a few loopholes, the only inlets of light, excepting at the door-entrance. I noticed on one of the stones the date of 1719;—but its actual erection was probably at a much earlier period. Similar towers are found at intervals along the whole extent of the Scotch and English marches.

The view from the height embraced no less than seven counties; and on every side was terminated by a noble perspective of distant mountains. Cumberland and Westmoreland, with their fertile and picturesque tracts were spread beneath;—beyond, extended Lancaster and a part of Yorkshire;—in the east appeared the blue heights of Northumberland and Durham; and far in the north, the Cheviot Hills of Scotland. The latter I hailed with peculiar satisfaction; for they seemed to be my own; and to Caledonia I turned with something at least of the affection of a step-son.

Among the nearer objects in the landscape it gave me pleasure to distinguish Ullswater;—which next to Keswick, is reputed to be the prettiest of all the pretty lakes in this romantic region. I had looked for it last evening, but was prevented from descrying it, by a mist which hung over its surface. It was now plainly perceptible throughout its extent;—its ‘deep line,’ including ‘promontory, creek and bay,’ being marked with singular precision; and its waters, under the radiance of the morning sun, presenting ‘one burnished sheet of living gold.’—

At eight o’clock, I left Penrith in the stage coach for Hawick, a journey of sixty miles. Between P. and Carlisle the country presented few objects of attention. In general, its face was diversified with rich long swells, mostly well cultivated. A few patches of woodland appeared, and our road lay through Inglewood Forest, so called: a tract, however, which little deserves the appellation. I was rather pleased than otherwise with the first view of Carlisle. Several large public buildings, which have recently been erected, contribute to modernise somewhat its appearance: but still it looks very old, as it is. Formerly, it was strongly fortified;—but its walls, excepting on one side, are in a state of decay. The portion which remains is used by the proprietors of the neighbouring soil as a garden wall; and the fruit trees which they have trained against it, thrive uncommonly well. The castle also which anciently was

a fortress of great strength, is at present going fast to ruin: only a part of it is kept in tolerable repair, and that for the accommodation of a few soldiers who are appointed to garrison it.—As the coach was delayed an hour at Carlisle, I employed the interval in visiting this castle;—and a more venerable and imposing pile is hardly to be met with in Great Britain. It forms one great quadrangle, the outer circuit of its walls being not less than half a mile. The inclosed area is now covered with a turf of the liveliest verdure;—so fresh and smooth that no bowling green in England can surpass it in beauty. The matted ivy is seen creeping over its wall in the wildest luxuriance, as if to conceal the ravages which time and the tempest are continually augmenting; and along its ramparts the rank grass grows profusely, interspersed with numberless wall-flowers, which are now in perfection and exhale the choicest fragrance. The castle, with a citadel which was recently standing, was built by William Rufus; and during the repairs which it has undergone at successive periods since, the original plan of its construction has in most respects been adhered to.—Of the many transactions which marks its long and eventful history, are of the most painful and interesting, is the confinement within its walls, of the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots. I looked into the apartments which she occupied; they are in a round tower, which, though partly dilapidated, has not suffered so much as other portions of the castle. Some lumber and a few pieces of rude furniture are ranged around them; and the walls and floor are thickly covered with cob-webs and dust. From the battlements of the tower a view is obtained of the hills of Dumfrieshire in Scotland;—objects the sight of which must have administered little comfort to the captive, ill fated Queen. The ancient keep of the castle remains, and a well of great depth is also shown, the work, as it is supposed, of the Romans. Returning from the castle I visited the cathedral, a venerable structure, partly of

Saxon and partly of Gothic architecture. On the screens in the aisles, I noticed some singular and amusing legendary paintings of St. Augustine and St. Anthony, with a doggerel distich attached to each. Turning from these, I sought the tomb of Paley; but I sought it in vain among the ' storied urns and animated busts,' which were ranged ostentatiously along the aisles and transepts of the cathedral. But is there no monument to Paley? inquired I, of the verger who attended me.—' His ashes are under you,' he replied, and in truth they were. Stepping aside I traced on a plain gray slab in the pavement on which I had been standing, this simple inscription.—' Here lie interred the remains of Wm. Paley, D. D., who died May 25th, 1805, aged 62 years.'—This imperfect memorial is all that marks the spot, which is consecrated by the mortal remains of one of the purest Christians, and soundest philosophers of his age and country. His works however survive him;—and they will abide an imperishable record of his worth;—

—————, monumentum, —————
 Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
 Posset diruere, aut innumerabilis
 Annorum series, et fuga temporum.

A monument, which

Nor years though numberless the train,
 Nor flight of seasons, wasting rain,
 Nor winds, that loud in tempest break,
 Shall e'er its firm foundation shake.

The famous Roman wall which was built from sea to sea, passed within a quarter of a mile of Carlisle. It is said that the city owes its name to this circumstance; Carlisle being compounded of the Saxon words *caer lyell*, which mean a *city near a wall*. Remains of this stupendous work are very perceptible in the neighbourhood.

Leaving Carlisle, another stage brought us to Longtown, a frontier town, where we stopped to dine. Four miles further, we entered Scotland, at a place called the Scots Dyke; leaving Gretna Green, of hymeneal memory, at a little distance on our left. The stage to Langholm was delightful;—the road leading along the romantic windings of Eskdale, and crossing its pretty river some five or six times in the course of as many miles. What added to its interest, was the circumstance of its traversing the scene of Lady Heron's song in *Marmion*. Netherby Hall was passed a little way distant on our right: after which we entered on Canobie Lea whereon was the 'racing and chasing,' when the fair Ellen eloped with young lord Lochinvar.—It was impossible also to forget the renowned Jonny Armstrong, in viewing spots rendered memorable by his exploits;—and approaching Langholm, I did not fail to look out for Hallows Tower, formerly the residence of this redoubtable hero.

Near Moss paul, we crossed a ridge of land which separates the waters that flow east and west. The Esk had left us at Langholm; but it sent on a little branch which accompanied us a few miles, and struggled hard, though in vain, to hold out further. Its loss however was not long perceived,—for soon another rill was seen purling by the way side, and pursuing an opposite direction. This was the Teviot, just in the commencement of its course. I had beheld the stream only once before, and then at Kelso, where it mingles its waters with the Tweed. Its appearance there was very respectable;—and contrasting it with its present *infantile* aspect, it would have required a rare degree of physiognomical skill to have traced any resemblance in its features, or other marks of its identity. This stream gives name to one of the most romantic dales in Scotland, and after dispensing fertility and beauty throughout its own course, and swelling not a little the waters of the Tweed, at length enters the sea by an outlet, an hundred miles distant from the mouth of the Esk.

Before reaching Hawick, we crossed the Teviot two or three times. The last was by Branxholm bridge;—the road a little before having passed within a few yards of Branxholm castle, or more properly, house. This is the Branksome of Walter Scott. Its situation he has well described; being, as he says, ‘upon a steep bank, surrounded by the Teviot, and flanked by a deep ravine, formed by a precipitous brook.’ In point of size, it must have been greatly reduced since the days of Magaret of Branksome; and the various alterations which it has undergone have left it little of the castellated form, excepting one square, massive tower. It still, however, is a spacious structure, having much of comfort, though nothing of elegance in its appearance.

Opposite to Branxholm is a hill which the poet’s fancy has marvellously magnified into a mountain. It is the same which he introduces as conferring with ‘Teviot’s tide,’ in that whimsical colloquy between the river and mountain spirits described in the First Canto to the ‘Lay.’—

On the borders of the barony we beheld the confluence of the Borthwick and Teviot waters.—Leaving this, we passed Goldiland ruins;—and a ride of two miles more brought us, late in the evening, to Hawick.

May 7th.—At an early hour, the coach was again on the road. The morning light showed imperfectly, as we drove from Hawick, an artificial eminence which Scott refers to, as

————— the moathill’s mound
Where Druid forms once flitted round.

It is conjectured to be a remain of Celtic antiquity; and, if so, was probably a place of rendezvous for general councils from the adjacent clans. Similar heaps are not infrequent in north Britain. Approaching Selkirk, we crossed Philiphaugh, memorable as the battle ground between the parliament forces and those of king Charles, when the latter, under

lord Dundee were routed after a short but very bloody action.

A little beyond Selkirk, we came in sight of Ettrick, another of those classic streams which are the pride of the Lowlands. We next entered Tweeddale and drove for some miles along it, crossing the river in two places. Of the streams which subsequently met us, were the Gala, Lugate and Herist Waters,* which contributed much to vary and beautify the landscape.

Our road at length brought us to Half Law Kiln;—a place which the Romans are said to have occupied, as a military station. Traces of a camp, I was *told*, are very visible:—but not having *Monkbarns* at my side, nor his ‘Essay of Castrametation’ in my hands, I was not so fortunate as to distinguish them. Shortly however, a more interesting object appeared. This was Borthwick Castle, formerly a princely fabric, and venerable in decay. Once, it was a place of shelter to injured royalty, and opened its gates to the unfortunate Queen Mary after the battle of Carberry Hill; and once too, its walls imprisoned the same princess when Bothwell succeeded in intercepting her on her route from Dumbarton.

From this place during the remaining twelve miles of the journey, every object showed that we were approaching the proud metropolis of the north.—Cots and farm-houses, lodges and mansions, hamlets and villages crowded the landscape in every direction. Passengers also on horse and foot, and carriages of various descriptions,—post-chaises, gigs, sociables, barouches,—began to throng the way. Descending Dalkeith hill we entered Mid Lothian, the garden of Edinburgh; and to me its fertile fields and green parks and lordly manors seemed arrayed in new beauty. At length, Arthur’s

* The Scotch apply the term Water, to express a second-rate stream: a third-rate, they call Burn; as Leith Water, Bannock Burn

Seat was descried towering above the ‘Gude Town;’ and to the left, appeared the gray ramparts of the castle. A nearer approach discovered Nelson’s column crowning the summit of Calton:—St. Andrew’s spire, and the towers of St Giles and the Tron next peered through the surrounding haze; and last, though not least, the turrets of Holyrood glanced on the eye as the coach drove into a suburb of the city. Emerging from the Old Town, we entered on the magnificent bridge which connects it with the New, and soon arrived in front of the Register office. Here I alighted, and having found a porter, proceeded on foot along Prince’s street. A turn to the right brought me further into the centre of the city; and after a minute’s walk, I had the satisfaction of reentering my lodgings at the corner of north Hanover and George Streets.

B.

ART. III.—*A Discourse on the Religion of the Indian tribes of North America.* By S. F. Jarvis, D. D. New York, 1820.

OUR literati whose taste for research leads them to investigate the state of our country, in ages that are long since gone by, have little on which to employ their attention. Our land has not, like some European countries been marked by the vestiges of Roman renown, or Gothick taste, and offers no revolutions in governments or monuments of literature. In the only subject which it presents, the Indian history, character, and manners, almost the sole information which can be obtained, arises from the personal observation of those individuals who have mingled with that singular race of men. In the pamphlet under review, Dr. Jarvis has attempted, by collecting and weighing the testimonies of different travellers relative to the religion of the Indians, to furnish some assistance towards the delineation of that most important feature of their moral character.

It would be well, perhaps, for the scientific, could rules of philosophizing, capable of an exact application, and, in

some measure, similar to those which Newton prescribed to the natural philosopher, be introduced into literary speculations. How many finely spun theories, and ingenious hypotheses, resting on facts, totally inadequate to support them, would then sink into nothing. Among them we think might be numbered the opinion, that the Indians of North America, are descendants of the ten tribes of Israel. This hypothesis Dr. Jarvis refutes, by adducing a comparison of the Hebrew language, with that of the Indians.

One of the principal objects of this discourse, is to prove that the religion of the Indians, exhibits traces of that primeval worship and belief, which existed among all mankind in the early ages, and thus to show that these remote wanderers, form a part of the family, by whom the earth was peopled. The veneration of one Supreme Being, attended with the corrupt worship of inferior divinities, marks the first departure of all nations from the true faith, and still prevails among the Indians, not only of the continent, but also of the West Indian islands. They have abstained from that grosser idolatry, which characterised the subsequent declensions of the inhabitants of the old world.

Another tie of moral affinity between the nations of the two hemispheres, is to be found in their common belief of a future state of rewards and punishments. On this subject, the ideas of the Indians are, certainly, not very elevated; and their expectations of future happiness are confined to the tranquil enjoyment of those pleasures, which are calculated to delight the senses.

It is easy to suppose, that the doctrines of the primeval religion might be distorted by tradition, while many of its external rites continued the same. Among the latter may be considered that of sacrifice, which prevailed in the early ages, among all nations, and is to be found among the Indians. The reasoning of Dr. Jarvis, as to the origin of this institution, has, we think, considerable force.

‘That the practice of sacrifice, as an expiation for sin, formed a prominent feature in the religion of all the nations of the old world, is a truth too well known to require proof. That it formed a part of the patriarchal religion is equally evident; and that it must have been of divine institution will, I think, be admitted, after a very little reflection. The earliest instance of worship, recorded in the Holy Scriptures, is the sacrifice offered by Cain and Abel, at a period when no permission had yet been given to eat animal food, and no pretext could have possibly presented itself to the mind of man for taking the life of any of the creatures of God. It is equally inconceivable, that by any deduction of unassisted reason, the mind could have arrived at the conclusion, that to destroy a part of creation, could be acceptable to the Creator; much less, that it could be viewed as an act of homage. The difficulty is still greater, when it is considered that this was intended as an expiation for the sins of the offerer. How could the shedding of the blood of an animal be looked upon as an atonement for the offences which man had committed against his Maker? This would have been to make an act at which nature would at once have involuntarily shuddered, the expiation of another act which might not in itself be so hurtful or so barbarous.

‘This reasoning is further strengthened by the next instance of worship recorded in the Bible. When Noah had descended from the Ark, the first act of a religious nature which he performed, was to build an altar and to offer sacrifice. Human reason would have dictated a course of conduct directly opposite; for it would have told him not to diminish the scanty remnant of life; especially when the earth was already covered with the victims which had perished in the mighty waste of waters.

‘But if of divine institution, the question then arises, what was the reason of the institution? Every intelligent being proposes to himself some end—some design to be accom-

plished by his actions. What, then, with reverence let it be asked, was the design of God?

‘ To the Christian the solution of this inquiry is not difficult. He has learned, that in the secret counsels of almighty wisdom, the death of the Messiah was essential for the salvation of man; that in his death, the first of our race was as much interested as he will be, who will listen to the last stroke of departing time; that it was necessary, therefore, to establish a representation of this great event as a sign of the future blessing; in order to keep alive the hopes and the expectations of men; and that this was effected by the slaughter of an innocent animal, whose life was in the blood, and whose blood poured out was the symbol of His death, who offered himself a ransom for the sins of men.’

‘ To find the same practice prevailing among all the Indian tribes of America, a practice deriving its origin, not from any dictate of nature, or form the deductions of reason, but resting solely upon the positive institution of God, affords the most triumphant evidence, that they sprang from the common parent of mankind, and that their religion, like that of all other heathen nations, is derived by a gradual deterioration from that of Noah. At the same time, it will be seen, that they are far from having sunk to the lowest round on the scale of corruption. With the exception of the Mexicans, their religious rites have a character of mildness which we should elsewhere seek in vain.’

The organization of society is so imperfect among the Indians, that we could not expect to find the priesthood established as a separate office among them, so distinctly as among ancient nations, who were more civilized; but, while each individual performs private sacrifices, we may trace the patriarchal form of the civil ruler being clothed with the public sacerdotal character.

The last feature of resemblance which Dr. Jarvis traces between the religion of the Indians, and that of the nations

of the old world, while the primitive faith was preserved in one nation, and was but partially corrupted among the rest, consists in those arts of witchcraft, which are practised by the Indian conjurers.

‘ The power, then, of these impostors, is supposed to consist, in the miraculous cure of diseases, the procuring of rain, and other temporal blessings, in the same supernatural manner—the miraculous infliction of punishment upon the subjects of their displeasure—and the foretelling of future events. It will immediately be seen, that these are, in fact, the characteristics of the prophetic office; those, I mean, which are external, which produce, therefore, a lasting impression upon the senses of men, and from the force of ocular tradition, would naturally be pretended to, even after the power of God was withdrawn.

‘ That true prophets had such power, is evident from the whole tenor of Sacred History. On their power of predicting future events, it is not necessary to dwell; but it will be seen, that there is a striking analogy between the pretensions of the Indian impostors, and the miracles wrought by the prophets. We have seen, that the former assume the power of curing or inflicting diseases by supernatural means. We find the prophets curing or inflicting the most inveterate diseases, by a word, by a touch, by washing, and other means naturally the most inadequate.* We have seen that the Indian impostors pretend to foretel drought or rain. So, Elijah the Tishbite said to Ahab, ‘ As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word.’† And again, the same prophet, when there was no appearance of change in the heavens, said to the King, ‘ Get thee up, eat and drink,

* Thus Naaman was cured of his leprosy by Elisha, and the same disease inflicted by the prophet on his servant Gehazi. 2 Kings, v.

† 1 Kings, xvii. 1.

for there is a sound of abundance of rain.* We have seen, that among the Indians, the conjurers pretend to inflict punishment on their enemies by supernatural means. So we read of a true prophet, that he commanded fire to descend from heaven and consume the soldiers who were sent by the King of Israel to take him.†

We have not room for the insertion of Dr. Jarvis's view of the existence of this prophetic spirit among the Gentile nations, while as yet they were not wholly cut off from the patriarchal church, and of those arts of divination to which they resorted, when the divine influence was withdrawn. We only insert his conclusion.

‘In proportion, then, as Idolatry increased, the prophetic spirit in the patriarchal church, was gradually withdrawn. While the true God was worshipped, even though in absurd connexion with Idols, the divine influence was sometimes communicated. But being gradually more and more frequently denied, the prophets had recourse to the superstitious observances of divination and judicial astrology. And as Idolatry, in its downward course, at length lost sight of the Creator, and worshipped only the creatures, so the prophetic office degenerated into the arts by which imposters preyed upon the superstition of the ignorant.’

According to Dr. Jarvis's theory, it cannot be determined that the Indians are emigrants from any particular nation of the old world, as he supposes them to be one of those mighty streams, which, not very long after the deluge, began to pour their separated currents throughout the habitable world. He thinks that this accounts for the uniformity of their religion, for the distinct structure of their languages, and for that degree of similarity in their character which extends as well through the southern as the northern continent.

* 1 Kings, xviii. 41. † 2 Kings, 1. 10. 12.

The piety of Dr. Jarvis has led him to express an opinion which seems to be perfectly just, that the mild character of Indian heathenism, is favourable to the introduction of Christianity. Stronger obstacles will perhaps be found in their ignorance, their roving and barbarous mode of life, and their practice of savage warfare. Yet even these impediments may be overcome by pious zeal, under the Divine blessing, and education, civilization, peace, and Christianity may be offered and accepted.

A large body of Notes, in the form of extracts, and observations, accompanies this discourse, and considerably exceeds its bulk. The author appears to have made an extensive and accurate examination of many different works on the subject of the Indians, and the views which he has deduced are just and luminous. Yet, while this pamphlet is respectable, it has not, we think, any pretensions to be profound, and it furnishes another evidence, that literature cannot be prosecuted to the best advantage, unless it be made a principal business of life.

S.

ART. IV.—*Remarks on 'Volney's view of the soil and climate of the United States.*

SCARCELY any work, descriptive of our country, has had a more extensive circulation than the one above mentioned. This makes it necessary that any errors or mistakes which may be in that work, should be corrected, to prevent their being perpetuated. Mr. Brown the judicious American translator of Volney's View, has noted a considerable number of those errors; but there are others which either escaped his notice, or he did not possess sufficient local knowledge of all parts of the country described to correct them.

It may be useful, even at this late day, to point out some which he has omitted, more especially as several of them have been transcribed into popular works; and thus, if some means are not taken to prevent it, they will be extensively

disseminated and long perpetuated. Those errors, it is true, are not generally very important; but being errors, the chance of their being continued ought, as far as possible, to be prevented.

The first I shall notice is contained in page eighteen of the Philadelphia edition of 1804. In the preceding page Mr. Volney, speaking of the valley of the Mississippi, says, 'The people of the maritime provinces are accustomed to distinguish this space by the names of the Backcountry, the Backwoods, the Wilderness, or more fancifully the Western country. I had scarcely passed, he adds, the Allegany when I heard *this phrase* applied, by the dwellers on the Great Kenhawa and the Ohio, to the maritime country,' and he goes on to make some reflections on so remarkable a fact. But Mr. Volney is certainly mistaken in the fact itself. Persons who have lived many years on the Kenhawa and Ohio, assert they never heard the phrase applied there, as Mr. Volney has stated, nor do they believe the idea expressed by it ever occurred to the minds of the people of that country. It will appear presently, from some quotations from his work, and the remarks which will be made upon them, that Mr. Volney, from an imperfect knowledge of our language, or some other cause, sometimes put a very erroneous construction on what he heard.

In page nineteen he tells us the vine, in the Western country, climbs to the height of *twenty or thirty feet.*' When Mr. Volney errs he generally goes beyond the truth; but in this case he has fallen short of it. He would in this case have been near the truth had he told us that the vine, in that country, climbs to the height of from twenty to seventy-five or eighty feet.

In page twenty, he tells us very correctly, that some of the western mountains are 'distinguished by their rapid slopes and the narrowness of their summits,' but in a note he adds, 'it is on the summits however, that the Indians, and

after them the Americans, have traced their paths or roads. One of the most striking specimens of this kind of road is to be found on Gaulty-ridge among the Kenhawa mountains. This ridge is not fifteen feet broad in the course of a mile, while there is a *perpendicular descent*, *on either side*, of six or seven hundred feet.' If this description were correct, this would be the most extraordinary curiosity in North America. A natural wall, a mile in length, fifteen feet thick, and six or seven hundred feet high, would be more astonishing than the Natural Bridge, or the Falls of Niagara. But no such place exists as Mr. Volney here describes. The ridge which he refers to is very narrow at the top and the sides are very steep, but far from being perpendicular. Mr. Volney, it is believed, is also mistaken when he says the Indians traced their paths on the summits of these mountains. Their paths, so far as the writer of this article has had an opportunity of ascertaining, were traced along the valleys, and not on the summits of the ridges; and certain it is that at the particular place Mr. Volney describes the road does not follow the trace of an Indian path.

In page twenty-nine, he tells us very correctly, that the Blue ridge 'is detached from the great bow or knot of the Allegany,' and, 'is the immediate elongation of this chain in coming from the south;' but adds that 'it crosses James' river above the junction of its two higher ridges, the Patowmac above the Shanandoah, and the Susquehannah above Harrisburg.' We suspect there must be, in this sentence, some error of the translator or of the press. Part of it is unintelligible, and part of it not only contrary to fact, but to Volney's own ideas expressed in other parts of his book. The Blue ridge, it is well known crosses James' river just *below* its two principal *branches*—the Patowmac not 'above' but immediately below where that river receives the Shanandoah, and it crosses the Susquehannah not above, but considerably below Harrisburgh.

In page thirty, we are told the north mountain 'detaches itself also from the great bow of the Allegany, and holding a course *westward*, but parallel to the former, traverses the higher branches of James' river,' &c. I suspect that here also there is an error of the press or of the translator. Volney probably wrote, or intended to write, that the North mountain holds its course *eastward*. It would have been more correct however to have written *north eastward*; for that, as is well known, is the general course of that mountain.

In the thirty-third page, Mr. Volney informs us that among the mountains which he passed through from Staunton to Greenbriar, are the warm, the hot, and the red springs. It is not easy to ascertain what spring he here means by the red spring, as there is no spring of that name along the road which he travelled. There is a red spring in the county of Monroe; but Mr. Volney did not pass very near to it. He however must have passed the white sulphur—a spring more resorted to in the watering season than any other in Virginia; but it can hardly be supposed that it is *that* which he denominated the red-spring. It is strange however that he should not mention so noted a spring as the white sulphur, especially as the road he travelled passed within a few feet of the spring itself. In describing the warm spring he says 'it rises at the bottom of a deep valley shaped like a funnel, and *easily perceived* to be the water of an extinguished volcano. It is believed no person but Volney himself ever 'perceived,' this water. There are certainly no indications at the place of any such thing. Besides, a spring issuing out of the water of even an extinguished volcano, is a phenomenon, it is supposed, not as yet seen any where. Surely a water is one of the last paces in the world in which we would expect to find a spring.

In the page last quoted we are also told that 'west of the Allegany, towards the vale of the Ohio, there are many remarkable hills. The first of these called Reynick, and the high Ballentines, eight miles west of Greenbrier, appears

to me as lofty, though not so broad, as the Blue ridge.' The author has crowded into this last sentence more mistakes, than I recollect to have ever noticed in a sentence of the same length. It is also in one respect extremely vague and indefinite. What does Mr. Volney mean here by Greenbrier? Is it Greenbrier river, or Greenbrier county, or Greenbrier court-house? Probably he means the latter. If so, he ought to have said Lewisburgh, for that is the name of the village where Greenbrier Court-house stands. Now for his mistakes. He evidently speaks of Reynick, and the High Ballentines, as one mountain. But those he means are not one, but two distinct mountains. He farther says, it appears as lofty, though not so broad as the Blue-ridge.' If the two mountains, he here refers to, are considered separately, neither of them is half so high as the Blue-ridge; but considered as one mountain, they may be almost as high, for they stand like terraces—the base of the second being almost as high as the top of the first. If we consider those two mountains as one, as Volney has done, they are certainly broader than the Blue-ridge generally is, or than it is where Mr. Volney crossed it. The most extraordinary thing however in this sentence is, that Mr. Volney has entirely mistaken the names of those mountains. The name of the first is the Brushy ridge, being a projection or elongation of Muddy-Creek mountain. The name of the second is the Meadow mountain. At the time Volney passed through that country there lived at the foot, or rather on the side of the Brushy ridge, a man whose name was Renick, and there lived near the foot of the Meadow mountain a man whose name was Hugh Ballentine. Mr. Volney then was probably led into his mistake in the following manner. Some person giving him directions of the road he was to travel, told him that after going a certain distance he would pass Renick's, and going on two or three miles farther he would pass Hugh Ballentine's. Volney travelling on the distance first men-

tioned, found himself ascending a mountain, and though, that was what was intended by 'Rennick's' and going on two or three miles farther found himself ascending another lofty elevation; this he concluded must be what was intended by the second name which had been mentioned to him, and changing the christian name Hugh into the adjective High, he metamorphosed Hugh Ballentine into the 'High Ballentines. This was certainly a very ludicrous blunder, and the man who could commit it, is evidently entitled to less confidence in his statements as a traveller, than we might otherwise be disposed to repose in them. A few sentences farther on, we are told 'The Gauley ridge originates among the fountains of the Great Kenhawa. This is a mistake. Gauley mountain crosses the Great Kenhawa, where it is called New-river a little above the Great falls and several hundred miles below its source. The fountains of the Great Kenhawa are in mountains distinct and far distant from the Gauley ridge. This shows what vague and indefinite conceptions Mr. Volney sometimes formed, and what little pains he sometimes took to obtain accurate and distinct information. In the 46th page we are told that in the country round Pittsburgh, on the Ohio, in the district of Greenbrier, on the Kenhawa and throughout Kentucky, an examination always leads to the *grand calcareous foundation.*' This assertion is much too broad. The 'calcareous foundation' is found only in a small part of the extensive territory included in the county of Greenbrier. It is found nowhere on the Kenhawa; it is found only in a part of Kentucky. A great proportion of what is called the wilderness, in that state shows no calcareous rock. There are likewise extensive districts along the Ohio where it is not found.

In pages 51 and 52 we are told that there is a calcareous region between the Blue-ridge and North Mountain, which extends from the Delaware about Easton to the great bow of the Allegany. This is tolerably correct; but he adds

‘The county of Botetount, which occupies the latter region, is called the *limestone country*, because it supplies with that material, all the country east of the Blue ridge, where *none* is to be found.’ There is doubtless limestone in Botetount county; but it is not so universally abundant in that county as in many others above the Blue Ridge, and Botetount has never by way of eminence, been called the limestone county, nor has it ever supplied the country east of the Blue Ridge with that material to any considerable extent. It is moreover very strange that Mr. Volney did not know, that east of the Blue Ridge, a vein of limestone extends quite across Virginia, from which the upper counties east of the Blue Ridge, obtain almost all the lime they use. There are some other statements of Mr. Volney, which might be noticed; such as his assertion that Col. Lewis of Point pleasant, was a relation of Gen. Washington; and his assertion, in page twenty-six, that he was ‘enabled in various situations, to make accurate measurements of our mountains, and then proceeding to give measurements none of which it would seem were made by him. But I will not detain my readers with these matters.

Upon the whole, Mr. Volney’s work is a valuable one; and although there are in it a great many mistakes, yet he certainly collected, during the short time he was among us, a great deal of information respecting our country; and has given new and interesting views of some subjects to which we Americans, had scarcely before turned our attention. G.

ART. V.—*Description of the State Capitol of Pennsylvania, now building at Harrisburg.*

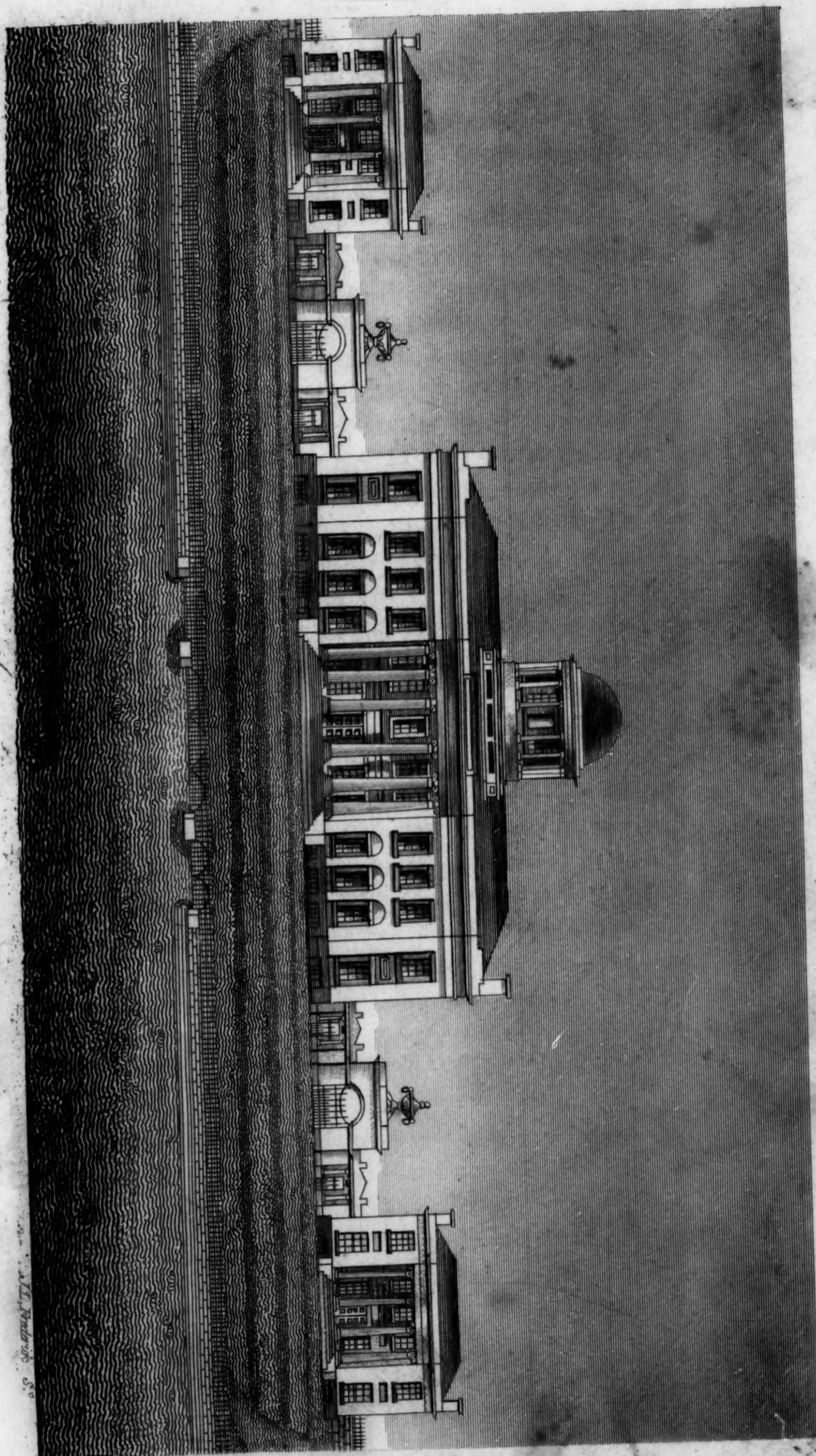
[with an engraving.]

Soon after the Legislature of Pennsylvania, made choice of Harrisburg, as the seat of government, a ten acre lot of ground was purchased for the purpose of erecting thereon, suitable buildings to accommodate both houses of the gene-

STATE CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

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STATE CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.



ral assembly, and the various departments of Government. The neighbourhood of Harrisburg, fortunately offered a most appropriate spot for this purpose, an eminence of moderate height a little to the north of the built part of the borough, from which the eye takes in almost at one glance, a view of the whole town below; an extensive prospect of the river Susquehanna, which is here a mile in breadth, and peculiarly romantic and beautiful; a noble bridge, stretching on twelve broad arches across this wide stream; several villages scattered up and down its fertile and well cultivated banks, and on the north a line of blue hills, covered with wood, the uniformity of which is only broken by a single gap, through which the river passes, and which forms one of the finest features of this extensive and diversified landscape.

The situation is at once picturesque, commanding and healthful, and will, by its superior height, exhibit the public buildings to the greatest advantage, and show them at a distance of many miles, as objects of great magnitude and conspicuous beauty.

The county of Dauphin, having very comfortably accommodated the legislature, on its arrival, in their new Courthouse, no effectual steps were taken until last year, for the *completion* of a Capitol, although the two wings had for a long while been built for the offices of the secretary of the commonwealth, the treasurer, auditor general, and surveyor general. These wings are in a style of architecture to correspond with the main body of the edifice, whenever it shall be finished; they are fire-proof, and cost ninety thousand dollars.

Several attempts were made in 1816, to obtain a law for the purpose of erecting the grand centre, and a bill was actually passed by the senate that year, appropriating three hundred thousand dollars for that object. The house of Representatives very properly refused to sanction such an

enormous expenditure; and it was not until January 1819, that a bill granting one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for this edifice was passed into a law. One of the provisions of that law, makes it the duty of the commissioners to offer a premium of four hundred dollars for the plan that should be adopted by them, and two hundred dollars for the next best. These premiums, after a public invitation in the newspapers had been given to the artists of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore and Washington, to furnish *plans* were awarded to Stephen Hills of Harrisburg, and Robert Mills of Baltimore.

Mr. Hills, who received the first premium, undertook to carry into execution the plan which he had offered, and to limit the expense to the sum granted by the general assembly; namely, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, to which, however, fifteen thousand additional were voted at the last session, for the purpose of giving superior solidity, beauty and security to certain parts of the edifice. With these preliminary remarks, we proceed to give some account of the elevation and distribution of the building now erecting, and which may be properly denominated the capitol, as it is especially designed for the accommodation of the state Legislature. It forms the main or middle part of the edifice exhibited in the print.

The capitol (in the language of the architect) is set back of the wings so far that the inner columns of each portico will range, giving a clear view from one building to the other, through the portico. A great terrace or gravel walk, can be made straight from one end of the public ground to the other. The main entrance to the public ground, is in front of State street, opposite the capitol, by gates and flights of steps; and at each end of the buildings, a circular carriage road will communicate with State street, by an easy descent. One other entrance will be from Pine street by a turnstile and flight of steps; one from North street, and three from High

street by gateways. The front of the ground will be laid off in slopes, from the capitol to Third street, and likewise to North street. The walk leading from the capitol, will be a very easy descent when the ground is levelled, and will extend thirteen hundred feet, and be upwards of sixty feet above the waters of the Susquehanna.

The dimensions of the capitol are one hundred and eighty feet front, and eighty feet deep, two stories high. The lower story is designed for the accommodation of both branches of the legislature, and the second for committee rooms, library, &c. with a portico in front to correspond with those of the wings, and a dome on the top of the roof. The great western entrance is a circular portico, the whole height of the building, composed of six Ionic stone columns, four feet in diameter and thirty-six feet high, and recessing thirty-seven feet to a circular wall, which leads into the vestibule, from whence a double stair is seen through the great arch, communicating with every part of the interior above; likewise may be seen through the openings of the several landings, the vaulted ceiling of the vestibule; and through the opening in this ceiling, may be seen the inside of the rotunda and fluted ceiling of the dome, one hundred feet above the floor of the vestibule. It is in the centre of the building, of a circular form and the great thoroughfare of the interior. It receives abundant light from above, and through it both houses will communicate with each other. It is made spacious—thirty-four feet in diameter, and forty feet from the door of one chamber of the legislature to the other. It consists of eight openings or door ways in each story; four of which are in the first; two whereof for the accommodation of the sergeant-at-arms, and door keepers, and the others leading by a spacious circular staircase to the parts above, namely, to the committee rooms, library, and into the roof and rotunda, &c. all of which, entire in themselves, tend as

rays to the centre; and at the first view the spectator will be able to point out the way to any one of them.

The *Senate* chamber, situated in the west end of the building, is seventy-five feet, by fifty-seven in the clear, and twenty-one feet high, calculated to contain thirty-six members. The *Hall of Representatives*, situated in the east end, is seventy-five feet by sixty-eight in the clear, and twenty-one feet high, calculated to contain one hundred and eight members. Sufficient room will be found in the great circle round the speaker's chair in this Hall, for the accommodation of the senate in joint meeting of both houses. The space allotted for each member of the senate, is three feet six inches. The desks are two feet wide, and the platform five feet nine inches wide; and a space is left between the members' seats and gallery five feet six inches wide. The gallery will contain one hundred and eighty persons. On each side of the speaker's chair are two rooms; one for the office of clerk, and one for the transcriber's office; likewise two committee rooms, for the immediate use of the senate, the sergeant-at-arms and door-keeper; besides, the two rooms in the vestibule will have four large closets recessed in the wall of the gallery.

The Senate room will receive light by three large windows in front, and three back, one under the portico, and one Venetian behind the speaker's chair; making eight large windows in the whole. The chamber will be heated by two fire places, and two stoves set in niches, in the gallery. The walls on each side of the speaker's chair being circular, give ample room round the fire places. All the seats in the chamber and walls of the gallery are concentric circles.

The space allotted to each member of the house of Representatives is two feet nine inches. The desks one foot nine inches, and the platform, four feet nine inches. The space between the members and gallery four feet. The galleries, stoves, fire-places and windows, the same as in the Senate

chamber, excepting the addition of two windows, on each side of the speaker's chair. The offices of the clerk and transcriber, are placed one on each side of the speaker's chair, each having five paper cases recessed in the wall, together with a niche for a stove, and two large windows.

The second story is divided off into committee rooms. These are thirty-one feet by thirty-four in the clear, for forty members each, and one of the same dimensions for the joint library; likewise four other committee rooms, thirty-one by twenty-two in the clear, each having their appropriate doors, windows, fire places, &c. The passage leading from the vestibule, to the committee rooms is twelve feet wide, and twenty-one feet high; receiving light from a large venetian window in each end of the building.

The landing of the portico is four feet six inches high from the ground; (two steps higher than those of the wings) from whence to the top of the cornice is forty-six feet; making the front fifty feet six inches high from the ground. From the top of the cornice, to the top of the dome, is fifty-seven feet six inches; making the whole height one hundred and eight feet. The rotunda above the roof, is composed of sixteen columns, twenty-two inches in diameter, and seventeen feet high. It is forty-eight feet in diameter outside of the columns. The dome is forty feet diameter. It contains eight windows, and eight niches. The faces of the great clock can be placed between the two front columns, facing the four sides of the building round the rotunda; the space left below the dials, to be filled with pannel work. The dials can be seven feet diameter. The niches can be occupied with such statues as government may direct, allegorical figures of Liberty, Justice, Authority, Clemency, &c., may be thought most appropriate.

The cellar walls are remarkably substantial, and that part of them which is above ground, is faced with cut stone and superbly wrought iron gratings, in the proper places for

light and air. The windows in the superstructure, contain twenty-four panes of glass, fourteen by twenty-two: the second story, twenty-four panes fourteen by nineteen. The ceilings are admirably well contrived, and those of both chambers of the legislature, will be supported *without columns*; timbers above, having the power within themselves to carry the whole weight between the walls. The roof of the whole building, including that of the dome, is to be slated and coppered. The whole cost, including wings and furniture, will be about two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars.

ART. VI.—*Maurice and Berghetta: or the Priest of Rahery, a Tale.* Republished by Wells and Lilly, Boston.

THE high reputation of this novel in England where it was published in the last year, has induced an American bookseller to republish it, and it is one of the very few new works at present advertised for sale to the public of this country.

The author is said to be a Mr. Parnell, a member of the British Parliament for the county of Wicklow in Ireland, and, it may therefore be presumed, an Irishman. The object of his lucubrations is professed to be of a patriotic nature; to exhibit Ireland as she deserves to be shown, in an amiable point of view; to reconcile differences between the Catholics and the Protestants, and 'to place such observations on the manners of the Irish peasantry, as have occurred to him, in a less formal shape than that of a regular dissertation.'

We confess we regret his choice of this mode of conveying his notions to our understandings. There is an intense degree of interest attached to the actual condition of Ireland that does not require the aid of fiction, to give it a hold upon our feelings; and the impossibility of distinguishing what is

portaiture from what is caricature very much weakens the effect of the most natural descriptions.

From Miss Edgeworth or Lady Morgan a tale comes with better grace than a dissertation, but Mr. Curwen's observations on the state of Ireland, if they do not afford so much amusement, excite a deeper interest than the 'manners painting' prose of either of those ladies. These thoughts are much confirmed by perceiving how discriminative, perspicuous and instructive Mr. Parnell can be, when he descends to 'stoop to truth,' and generalize his opinions. As a specimen of which we make the following extract from his prefatory remarks.

'Perhaps it will not be difficult to account for the conversational wit, intelligence, and suavity of manner, which the Irish possess in a superior degree to the English peasantry.

'The English peasantry may be pretty generally considered as a domestic race of people—they have the virtues of domestic habits, and the defects, if they may be called so, of a want of vivacity and conversation.

'On the whole their character is well adapted to their station of life, and they are pretty much what one would wish a religious and industrious peasantry to be.

'On the contrary, the habits of the Irish peasantry are all antidomestic; they miss no opportunity of being in society, and these perpetually occur; hence the habit of conversation and art of manners are familiar to them.

'Irish merry meetings of the lower ranks, though they may differ in the polish of the detail, have the same general effects as the more fashionable assemblies of the higher ranks; funerals, wakes, and saints' days, though they have duty for their pretence, are all a species of route; and when to these fairs, markets, races, occasional parties for a fight, hurling or football match, and several night dances, and card assemblies in each parish are added, and all eagerly attended, it

may easily be conceived, that an Irish peasant is rather more sociable and polished than befits his station.

‘ The causes which lead to this disturbance, as it must be considered in the order of society, appear to be principally these.

‘ 1st.—That landlords in Ireland generally throw upon the tenants the business of building, while the leases they give, fall short of the length which a building lease ought to be. The peasantry have generally to build their own houses, and being either possessed of no capital, or naturally unwilling to lay out any that they have to the reversionary profit of the landlord, they build houses of the most wretched description, usually of mud with clay floors, too often without windows and chimneys. It is impossible, that domestic habits should be formed in these horrid habitations, and the natural result is, that the whole family feel happier any where than at home.

‘ 2d.—Being generally illiterate, or at best possessing no books, they have no means of amusement at home during the long winter evenings; and as a substitute assemble either at a neighbour’s house, or a dancing house, where the conversation and amusement are of a very questionable description. The establishment of lending libraries in Ireland has already been found to check this evil.

‘ 3d.—As individuals, the Irish peasantry have been degraded and oppressed, and they are not connected in any manner with the civil business of the country, an evil that is aggravated by their exclusion from vestries.

‘ An Irishman of the lower orders, individually, is dejected, timid, and spiritless; it is only in combinations and social confederacies that he feels himself a man, and that his natural energy and vivacity display themselves.

‘ This seems to be the principal cause of the uncommon avidity with which the lower orders in Ireland seize every pretence and opportunity for assembling together, and also

for their proneness to every kind of illegal combination: legally, they have no opportunity of escaping from their individual insignificance; in these, at least, they find that they are of sufficient importance, to make themselves feared.

‘And yet the tendency of all modern legislation, that concerns Ireland, is to render this exclusion of the lower orders from all participation in civil affairs more strict and their separation from the higher orders more marked!

‘The peasantry in Ireland, compared with the same class in England, are distinguished by a very striking superiority in benevolence and charity. That they have long been a suffering race, may partly account for their compassionate temper and generosity. Virtues, like grosser commodities, generally exist in proportion to the demand for them; and in no country has suffering humanity presented a more importunate claim for mutual commiseration and assistance than in Ireland. But the difference, in its extreme degree, we should ascribe principally to the operation of the poor laws in the one country, and the absence of all legal provision for the poor in the other. It is evident, that, where the domestic and neighbourly affections in the one country are seldom called into exertion, they will exist in a very torpid degree—and where in the other country the remedy for all the casual evils of life is sought for only in their exertion, they will be in the same degree abundant and energetic.’

The tale is deficient in *effect*; the characters are quite over-drawn, and the incidents quite too prodigious; with these large qualifications we are willing to allow it to be a very good tale indeed, as to lively description and pathetic sentiment. The commencement is as follows:

‘I am a priest of the Island of Rahery. I shall soon follow the good and beloved that I baptized and buried, for my heart is not at home in this world, praise be to God. Yet while it is his good will that I should live in clay, let me

still be enacting, if nothing for his glory, sinner that I am, something for his service.

‘ Shall I not be called to account at the great harvest, what good seed I have sown, what full ears I have to show? there will be confusion for my own sins, and burning blushes for yours; sons and daughters mine!

‘ How may I incense you with that wisdom, which is like coals of fire upon the lips of the old, and which burns under the snows of age? My voice is grown weak and has a silly sound, and therefore you do not heed my exhortations. You see me about to die, and you already look upon my jurisdiction as a fire-side chronicle. The young will never be persuaded by the aged, or the foolish boy by the wise, but the living will condescend to learn from the dead, for them they neither envy nor hate. The memory of the good multiplies into virtues, and the moral fruits of succeeding ages derives their nutriment from the ashes of the past.

‘—You all knew Moriertagh O’Neal and Berghetta his wife: are you not the better for their having lived amongst you? and can I give your children a greater blessing than by setting before their eyes an exemplification of such industrious and sainted lives?’

Maurice, the hero, is a descendant of the ancient family of the O’Neals, and is left an orphan, as well as his sister at a very tender age, and in possession only of a mud cabin and a few acres of miserable soil. The priest after describing the death of their father David O’Neal, proceeds:

‘ I never saw any thing so moving as the grief of his darling children, while the poor wife sat like one amazed. But there was no want of stir where Mrs. M‘Cormick was, and now she would dole out a scrap of consolation to the widow, and now give fifty directions for the waking of the body. I knew that it was no use to oppose this pagan rite, neither had Mrs. M‘Cormick lost any of her predominance by the

failure of her prescription; his time was come, and that being the case, a saint would have failed to cure him; so I took my departure, grieving much for the widow and orphans.

‘ The next morning I saw one of their neighbours standing before my window.

“ “ What news?” said I.

“ “ Please your reverence, I made bold to step over and ask your reverence’s interposition to save something for the desolate orphans, for Rose M‘Cormick insists there must be another wake to-night, though the dead body’s friends are considerate and to a man against it; otherwise there will not be a copper left for the childers’ maintenance.”

“ “ Another wake!” cried I; “ sure the woman’s beside herself, did ever any one hear, even in this island of superstition,—of a dead body being waked twice?”

“ “ Oh, your reverence is out,” rejoined the man, “ sure you have not heard, then, that the wife, Peggy O’Neal, died this morning?”

“ “ Ah, well-a-day!” cried I, “ how’s that?”

“ “ Sure, there was an inhuman noise all last night, and the cratur was almost distract, she wrung her hands piteously; but Rose M‘Cormick said, it would get up her spirits to keep her with us while the gambols were going on, and, indeed, where else could she go? the spare room was full of horses, the stable being but small; but it was all one, she regarded none of our plays and the like, but kept her eyes full on the corpse, lying laid out in the room all the while; and early this morning, just before we parted, whether the noise was too much for her, being a delicate one always, or being kept too long from her natural rest, having tended the sick so many nights before, or might be pure grief, her heart burst, and she died with but one groan.”

‘ I sent by this man a message to the big woman, that a public wake might be dispensed with, and only herself and a neighbour or two to watch at night, that something might

be saved for the orphans.—What was her answer?—“Heavens send that Father O’Brien is not a worse Catholic for his foreign breeding; but let that be as it will, it shall never be said that this poor dead thing, born a M‘Cormick, and married to an O’Neal, shall be buried without a wake, and that a decent one too.”—So refractory was she grown, in the conceit of her old customs and superstitions.

‘Well, I buried the two, and a great funeral Mrs. M‘Cormick made of it; proud enough she was, and looked as if she was drunk; and nothing particular if she was, for there were two thousand people there, men and women, and not one but was drunk or noisy. “Better,” thought I, “my friends, if you had staid at home, and minded your industry.” But the Irish are full of ostentation, and mighty fond of being wherever there is a crowd, and then they flatter themselves withal, that this is being vastly good Christians. But I said nothing, for I knew they looked on me in the light of half a foreigner.’

Maurice and his sister are more particularly introduced to the reader in a subsequent page; the Priest who continues to be the narrator, had set out with a determination to seek for the orphans and bring them home with him:

‘When I got to the house, I concluded the poor things had been forced to give it up to some new possessor, more the pity when it had been so long in the family, for the house was new thatched and white washed, and a very pretty garden with flowers and cabbage in it, things unseen before on the headland of Bengore.’

‘As I approached, a young lass came out so tidy and genteel withal, that I could scarce recognise her for O’Neal’s daughter, Una.’

““My pretty one,” said I, “I am glad to see you in such good case; then your poor father left more behind him than was supposed.”

“Indeed he did not Sir,” she replied, “we were poor enough at first, but Maurice is such a good manager, that he has brought every thing about, and we are now comfortable and decent without being obliged to any one.”

“Maurice,” exclaimed I, “why the boy is but a child! what could he do?”

“What can he not do?” replied Una, with a proudish look that became her well; “but will not your reverence walk in, and I will go for Maurice to the field, for he never returns from the time he goes out to his work.”

“No don’t go yet,” said I, when I was seated, “for this all seems very amazing, and I want to ask you a question or two more. The house is stanch and clean, more so than ever I saw it in its best of days, you are tidy and smart too, and a garden into the bargain, and yet I cannot conceive, for the life of me, how the lad could even crop or stock his land.”

“O, he found a good tenant, and set the land the first thing he did, for he said the value of the time lost on the ground, without money to do things as they ought to be done, was more than any good that was got out of the ground—and it was better to set the ground and work for wages, and then he should be certain that both the farm and his own labour would pay something.”

“Then what do you do for a cow—what do you do for potatoes?”

“We never eat potatoes.”

“Never eat potatoes, pretty one—then how do you live?”

“Maurice lives on meat and wheaten bread, and drinks nothing but water, unless he takes tea with me in the evening.”

“Meat! tea! wheaten bread! Why how do you pay for it all? I believe your old grand-aunt, Rose M’Cormick, has taught you to dream for gold.”

““I earn two-pence a day by spinning, and Maurice thirteen pence a day by his work. We get good meat for two-pence a pound, and bread for a penny, so after paying the week’s expenses, there is enough to buy clothes, something for charity, and to help a neighbour; and we have a strong box, with two guineas already in it, in case of sickness and accidents; all the rent of the farm will go for some years to pay our grandfather’s debts.”

““My pretty maid,” said I, for I would not interrupt her, “if I did not know the veracity of your family, I should think you were rhodomontading. Maurice earn thirteen pence a day, when the best man in the parish only gets six-pence!”

““Yes; but Maurice works task work, and he is so well fed, he says he is able to work better than many grown up men. Indeed, he says eating meat is the cheapest and best, for besides being able to earn so much more, he can take his cold meat and bread with him, and look for work five miles off, but if he ate potatoes, I should be forced to carry them twice a day through all weathers, which would oblige him to work only near home; besides, I should lose the most of what I earn by spinning, and wear out my shoes and clothes; have to pay for medicines two or three times a year, from colds; and what he thinks worst of, be in company with all the labourers during their meals, without mentioning the idle tattered girls who carry them their meals; and any how he cannot endure that I should leave the house, unless he is with me. Now he takes his cold meat and bread with him and asks no more till he comes home to supper.”

““God love your brother, child,” said I, “I never heard the like before: where is he? for my heart will not be at ease till I see him.”

““He is about two miles off, but if your Reverence will have patience the while, I will run and bring him; he will

not mind my going alone, when he hears that you are at home, where there has been nothing holy for a long time."

"Run you shall not," said I, "but stay here till I visit a neighbour or two and by that time your brother will be back; and if you have a wad of straw in any corner, I will sleep here to-night, preferable to the best house in the parish."

"Then come and see your bed," said the charming maid, giving me her hand, "many's the envious heart there will be to-night, when it is known the honour we have got; but we will not rejoice the less for that."

'She showed me a tidy room and a white bed, that might have served a Cardinal.

"This is my room," said she, "which you shall have, with a pair of sheets of my own spinning."

"And where, love, will you sleep?"

"Oh never mind, I have settled it all just as I know my brother would have it; here you sleep, that's all; I shall sleep in his bed, and he will sleep on the wad of straw by the kitchen fire—but it will go hard with him if he had not a spare bed by another year."

'I went my ways, as I said, and though I had a great opinion of the blood of the O'Neals, which in spite of poverty and depression still would speak out in some of its ancient splendour, yet what I had seen and heard surprised me. The girl was grown the handsomest creature I had ever seen, something of the kind I had seen in Spain, her eyes were large, and of a velvet black, with very long eyelashes, her teeth beautiful and regular, and her cheeks ruddy. She had no brogue or accent, but an ease, jauntiness, and gentility of manner, quite uncommon—and the boy seemed to have all the industry of his forefathers, with more conduct to boot.

'I went to rate half a score of my flock, who had been leagued in plundering a wreck, and after dining with one of

the most respectable of them, I returned in the evening to O'Neal's tenement.

' Maurice was returned from his work, and at the first sight my heart warmed to him; his face and forehead were full of nobleness, and I ceased to be surprised at what his sister told me of the produce of his labour, for he was very large and robust for his age, with a look of great sagacity and graveness, indeed, to describe his countenance once for all, it seemed to feel more and think more than any visage I ever saw.'

Maurice continues his prosperous course of industry until he is enabled to place his sister in a situation as companion to a Catholic lady in London, whither he accompanies her, and his letters descriptive of his views of England, particularly the agricultural character, relieve the priest's narrative and afford a lively picture of English husbandry.

" Oh," he exclaims in one of the letters, " what a sight to me was an English farm-house and farm! Every thing within so clean, lightsome, airy, and orderly; all the yards so neatly swept; the garden and shrubbery so trim; the men so decent, the maids so tidy; the grounds so well laboured, not a weed—no scutch; gates to every field, hedges too, and all clipped; and such wagons and carts, and in such profusion, with houses for all, to save them from sun and weather. But oh, the horses! the horses! never shall I forget the first time I saw a wagon and the eight noble animals that drew it; I could have fallen down on my knees to them, as they went by; and indeed, though while I was on foot about the farm, seeing and admiring every thing, I was as gay as the blaze of the sun; yet when we came home in the evening, and there was no conversation like yours, my dear sir, to call one out of oneself, I thought of our miserable cats of garrons, and logs of cars, the naked fields, and all the desolation of the headland of Bengore, I became so sad, that when I was

left alone with young John Headcroft, the tears came so fast from my eyes that I could not hide them. He stared at me, but thinking it was because I felt strange among new acquaintance, told me he was like an old acquaintance with me already, and his father and all the rest would be in a day or two. I said that his farm was a darling spot of ground, and I was quite obliged to him for bringing me to it; but when I made him understand what it was that had come across my mind, "Cheer up, my lad," said he, "if that is all, I will bring father's wagons and team over to you, and set all things to rights," and he was quite in earnest; but I who knew how all our self-sufficient boobies would set their heads against any thing new, shook my head, and could not help telling him of our Sir Phelimy French, who brought over an English wagon and horses, but forgot to bring a driver, and when he ordered it out, it came round with eight drivers, one to every horse, and the horses not knowing what was meant by *hup* and *hough*, and the drivers as little understanding what they called the humours of the wagon, it was overturned into the ha-ha, pronounced a folly, and left to rot, no office being large enough to hold it. Young Headcroft roared with laughter at this account, but said he would bring the wagon and team notwithstanding, and put on his smock frock and drive it himself.'

'With us labour is called slavery; here they have a pride in it, and young Headcroft told me, that he should not be able to hold up his head, if he was not able to mow, reap, thrash, drive a wagon, and do every thing else better than the other lads. At first I own I neither liked young Headcroft, nor any of his family, they seemed so little agreeable; but they improved every day, and when I began to reflect on all the vicious and pernicious qualities of our "hail fellow, well met, and lively boys," I was obliged to give preference to homely English. What will Merritt M'Cormick think of the young fellows here, when he hears that they do

not know how to dance? and yet, when I saw them in their clean white smock frocks, sitting quietly in the farm kitchen on Sunday, and listening to old Mr. Headcroft reading the Bible, or reading some religious book themselves, I wished that I could be sure that Merrit was at the same time as well employed. Yet there certainly are great faults in the character of this people, for they were striking in all of them. They are always thinking of themselves, and eat up with conceit and selfishness. They either pride themselves in a course unfeelingness, or fall into an affection of humanity, which equally proves them destitute of all heart and nature. I heard of and observed instances of extreme obduracy between the nearest connections, which were shocking. Even aunt M'Cormick, beast as she is, would share her last meal with a cousin, and would never say an uncivil word to a stranger. They are also great vaunters, and when they do talk, every thing they say is with an air, but clumsily concealed, of exalting themselves, or something belonging to them. The same selfishness makes them gluttons both in meat and drink; all their farming merits and virtues, which are without end, seem to have no other object but the gratification of this gross sensuality. And the only unpleasing object you see about the farm is the possessor, who, at a middle age, is literally crammed with ale and meat; and is swollen into an enormous disproportion of flesh, to which I never saw any thing similar in Ireland. It is the strangest shape! a pig, when he gets fat, fattens at all points, and still keeps a certain symmetry; but an English farmer flattens down as he gets bloated, and if it was not for the immense number of these shapes that you see, who keep each other in countenance, I should think that they would be ashamed to appear abroad. These people too have no look, language, or manner, that expresses affection, but they are great critics of proprieties; and I found from young Headcroft, that the unguardedness of my Irish manners had led me into a great

many offences against what they considered good breeding. All their conversation too consists in common-place observations, which extreme inanity seems to arise as much from the coldness of their hearts as from the poverty of their imaginations. Yet notwithstanding these great deficiencies in manners and character, in point of conduct, and the virtues of their station, they far exceed us. I was surprised at the difference between an English and an Irish fair: at the latter, every species of the grossest fraud is practised; and a man can scarcely do business to any extent, from the perpetual wrangles he is engaged in to avoid imposition; but in an English fair, words are binding oaths, and business passes on quietly and speedily. Another great and pure feature they possess, which it grieves my heart to know how sadly we want,—their women never drink. Almost every vice of our character I could confess here, but I should have died with shame to have allowed this. As I found that to work well was the only thing that gave a man credit here, I set out with the mowers,—as you know that I am reckoned a first-rate hand among ourselves; but I soon found that I had need of all my Irish indifference to success, to keep me in countenance; for though I made twice the efforts of my companions, I could but just keep up with them; and while they cut close and even without distressing themselves, my mowing, with all my exertions, was execrable; being used to our straight handled sithes, I stooped too low, and did not understand the set of mine, so that I was the derision of the whole field. At last one of them, better natured than the rest, said, “Lord love thee lad, thou wilt kill thyself, and break thy back at this fashion, what queer sort of a tool hast thou been used to cut with?” So, desiring me to stand more upright, and setting my sithe not quite so flat, I found that I could mow with much more ease than ever I had done before, and before I left the field, they all pronounced that I promised well.

‘ In the evening I had my revenge; for while the men were boasting after their fashion of their feats of activity and strength, I took up half a hundred weight, and challenged them to try who would throw it the farthest. I threw it a few steps; all the men tried again and again, but could not throw so far. Young Headcroft strained with all his might, but fell short; and after several attempts, each being less successful than the first, he grew peevish and angry. I again took the weight, and exerting myself for the honour of my country, if honour it can be called, with that peculiar spring of the whole body from the ground, which you, dear sir, have seen on many a market day, I flung the weight three times as far as I had done at first. They all seemed astonished, and would try no more: but young Headcroft said it was all a trick, he was sure. “ No trick at all,” I replied, “ but only practice: what made you mow better than I this morning makes me fling a weight better than you this evening.” However, he was much put out of his way by being outdone, even in so trifling a matter, that it was not till I had put myself under his tuition again, and he had an opportunity of showing his superiority in many ways, that he recovered his temper.’

Having furnished specimens which we consider favourable of the author’s manner, we will not do him the injustice to attempt an abridgment of his narrative.

ART. VII.—*Winter Evening Tales*, collected among the cottagers in the South of Scotland, by James Hogg. 2 vols. 12mo.

[It was sometime since announced in the Edinburgh Journals, that ‘ the Ettrick Shepherd,’ was engaged in making a collection of popular tales and traditions among the peasantry of Scotland. The result of his labours has at length reached us in the volumes above mentioned. We extract the two following tales, not as the best, but among the shortest, and as a fair specimen of the whole.]

THE WIFE OF LOCHMABEN.

NOT many years ago, there lived in the ancient royal burrough of Lochmaben, an amiable and good christian woman, the wife of a blacksmith, named James Neil, whose death gave rise to a singularly romantic story, and, finally, to a criminal trial at the Circuit-Court of Dumfries. The story was related to me by a strolling gipsy of the town of Lochmaben, pretty nearly as follows:

The smith's wife had been for several days in a state of great bodily suffering and debility, which she bore with all resignation, and even cheerfulness, although during the period of her illness, she had been utterly neglected by her husband, who was of a loose profligate character, and in every thing the reverse of his wife. Her hours were, however, greatly cheered by the company of a neighbouring widow, of the same devout and religious cast of mind with herself. These two spent most of their time together, taking great delight in each other's society. The widow attended to all her friend's little wants, and often watched by her bed a good part of the night, reading to her out of the Bible, and other religious books, and giving every instance of disinterested kindness and attention.

The gallant blacksmith was all this while consoling himself in the company of another jolly buxom quean, of the tinker breed, who lived in an apartment under the same roof with him and his spouse. He seldom visited the latter; but on pretence of not disdurbing her, both boarded and lodged with his swarthy Egyptian. Nevertheless, whenever the two devout friends said their evening prayers, the blacksmith was not forgotten, but every blessing besought to rest on his head.

One morning, when the widow came in about the usual hour to visit her friend, she found, to her utter astonishment, that she was gone, though she had been very ill the preceding night. The bed-clothes were cold, the fire on the hearth

was gone out, and a part of her dialy wearing apparel was lying at the bed side as usual.

She instantly ran and informed the smith. But he hated this widow, and answered her churlishly, without deigning to look up to her, or so much as delaying his work for a moment to listen to her narrative. There he stood, with his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, pelting away at his hot iron, and bidding his informant “gang to the devil, for an auld frazing hypocritical jade; an’ if she didna find her praying, snivelling crony there, to seek her where she saw her last—If she didna ken where she was, how was he to ken?”

The widow alarmed the neighbours, and a general search was instantly set on foot; but, before that time, the body of the lost woman had been discovered floating in the middle of the loch adjoining the town. Few people paid any attention to the unfortunate circumstance. They knew, or believed, that the woman lived unhappily, and on bad terms with her husband, and had no doubt that she had drowned herself in a fit of despair; and, impressed with all the horror that country people naturally have of suicide, they refused her the rites of Christian burial. The body was, in consequence, early next morning, tied between two deals, and carried out to the height, several miles to the westward of the town, where it was consigned to a dishonourable grave; being deep buried precisely in the march, or boundary, between the lands of two different proprietors.

Time passed away, and the gossips of Lochmaben were very free both with the character of the deceased and her surviving husband, not forgetting his jolly Egyptian. The more profigate part of the inhabitants said, “they never saw ony good come o’ sae muckle canting an’ praying, an’ singing o’ psalms; an’ that for a’ the wife’s high pretensions to religious zeal, an’ faith, an’ hope, an’ a’ the leave o’t, there she had gien hersel up to the deil at a smack.” But the more serious part of the community only shook their heads, and said, “alas, it was

hard kenning founk frae outward appearances; for nane wha kend that wife wad hae expectit sic an end as this!"

But the state of the widow's mind after this horrible catastrophe, is not to be described. Her confidence in the mercy of Heaven was shaken; and she began to doubt of its justice. Her faith was stunned, and she felt her heart bewildered in its researches after truth. For several days she was so hardened, that she dared not fall on her knees before the footstool of divine grace. But after casting all about, and finding no other hold or anchor, she again, one evening, in full bitterness of heart kneeled before her Maker, and poured out her spirit in prayer; begging, that if the tenets she held, were tenets of error, and disapproven of by the fountain of life, she might be forgiven, and directed in the true path to Heaven.

When she had finished, she sat down on her lowly form, leaned her face upon both her hands, and wept bitterly, as she thought on the dismal exit of her beloved friend, with whom she had last prayed. As she sat thus, she heard the footsteps of one approaching her, and looking up, she beheld her friend whom she supposed to have been dead and buried, standing on the floor, and looking at her with a face of so much mildness and benignity, that the widow, instead of being terrified, was rejoiced to see her. The following dialogue then passed between them, as nearly as I could gather it from the confused narrative of a strolling giassy, who, however, knew all the parties.

"God of mercy preserve us, Mary, is that you? Where have you been? We thought it had been you that was found drowned in the Loch."

"And who did you think drowned me?"

"We thought you had drowned yourself."

"Oh, fie! how could *you* do me so much injustice? Would that have been ought in conformity to the life we two have

led together, and the sweet heavenly conversation we maintained?"

"What could we say? Or what could we think? The best are sometimes left to themselves. But where have you been, Mary?"

"I have been on a journey far away."

"But why did you go away without informing me?"

"I was hurried away, and had no time?"

"But you were so ill, how could you go away?"

"I am better now. I never was so well in my life, no, not in the gayest and happiest hour I ever saw. My husband cured me."

"How did he cure you?"

"With a bottle."

"Why then did he not inform us? I cannot comprehend this. Where have you been, Mary?"

"I have been on a journey at a strange place. But you do not know it, my dear friend. You know only the first stage at which I rested on my way, and a cold damp lodging it is. It was at a place called the Crane Moor."

"Heaven defend us! That was the name of the place where they buried the body that was found in the loch. Tell me implicitly, Mary, were you not dead?"

"How can you ask such a question? Do you not see me alive, and well, and cheerful, and happy?"

"I know and believe that the soul can never die; but strange realities come over my mind. Tell me, was it not your body that was found floating in the loch, and buried in shame and disgrace on the top of the Crane Moor?"

"You have so far judged right; but I am raised from the dead as you see, and restored to life, and it is all for your sake; for the faith of the just must not perish. How could you believe that I would throw away my precious soul, by taking away my own life? My husband felled me with a bottle on the back part of the head, breaking my scull. He then put

my body into a sack, carried it out in the dark, and threw it into the loch. It was a deed of atrocity and guilt, but he will live to repent it, and it has proved a deed of mercy to me. I am well and happy; and all that we believed of a Saviour, and a future state of existence, is true."

On receiving this extraordinary information, and precisely at this part of the dialogue, the widow fainted; and on recovering from her swoon, she found that her friend was gone; but, conscious of having been in her perfect senses, and remembering every thing that had passed between them, she was convinced that she had seen and conversed with her deceased friend's ghost, or some good benevolent spirit in her likeness.

Accordingly, the next morning she went to a magistrate, and informed him of the circumstances; but he only laughed her to scorn, and entreated her, for her own sake, never again to mention the matter, else people would account her mad. She offered to make oath before witness, to the truth of every particular: but this only increased the chagrin of the man in office, and the worthy widow was dismissed with many bitter reproaches. She next went to the minister, and informed him of what she had seen and heard. He answered her kindly, and with caution; but ultimately strove only to reason her from her belief; assuring her that it was the effect of a distempered imagination, and occasioned by reflecting too deeply on the unfortunate end of her beloved friend; and his reasoning being too powerful for her to answer, she was obliged to give up the point.

She failed not, however, to publish the matter among her neighbours, relating the circumstances in that firm serious manner in which a person always stands to the truth, thereby making an impression on the minds of every one who heard her. The story was of a nature to take, among such a society as that of which the main bulk of the population of Lochmaben and its vicinity consists. It flew like wild-fire. The

people blamed their magistrates and ministers; and on the third day after the appearance of the deceased, they rose in a body, and with two ministers, two magistrates and two surgeons at their head, they marched away to the Crane-Moor, and lifted the corpse for inspection.

To the astonishment of all present, it appeared on the very first examination, that the deceased had been felled by a stroke on the back part of the head, which had broken her skull, and occasioned instant death. Little cognizance had been taken of the affair at her death; but, at any rate, her long hair was folded so carefully over the wound, and bound with a snood so close to her head, that without a minute investigation, the fracture could not have been discovered. Farther still, in confirmation of the words of the apparition, on the surgeon's opening the head, it appeared plainly from the semi-circular form of the fracture, that it had actually been inflicted by one side of the bottom of a bottle; and there being hundreds of respectable witnesses to all these things, the body was forthwith carried to the church-yard, and interred there; the smith was seized, and conveyed to jail; and the inhabitants of Annandale were left to wonder in the utmost astonishment.

The smith was tried at the ensuing circuit court of Dumfries, where the widow was examined as a principal witness. She told her story before the judges with firmness, and swore to every circumstance communicated to her by the ghost; and even when cross-examined by the prisoner's counsel, she was not found to prevaricate in the least. The jury appeared to be staggered, and could not refuse their assent to the truth of this relation. The counsel, however, obviated this proof, on account of its being related at second hand, and not by an eye-witness of the transaction. He therefore refused to admit it against his client, unless the ghost appeared personally, and made a verbal accusation; and, being a gentleman of a sarcastic turn, he was but too successful in turning this part of

the evidence into ridicule, thereby quite, or in a great measure, undoing the effect that it had made on the minds of the jury.

A material witness being still wanting, the smith was remanded back to prison until the autumnal circuit, at which time his trial was concluded. The witness above mentioned having then been found, he stated to the court, That as he chanced to pass the prisoner's door, between one and two in the morning of that day on which the deceased was found in the loch, he heard a noise as of one forcing his way out: and wondering who it could be that was in the house at that hour, he had the curiosity to conceal himself in an adjoining door, until he saw who come out: That the night being very dark, he was obliged to cour down almost close to the earth, in order that he might have the object between him and the sky; and, while sitting in that posture, he saw a man come out of the smith's house, with something in a sack upon his back: That he followed the figure for some time, and intended to have followed farther; but he was seized with an indescribable terror, and went away home; and that, on the morning, when he heard of the dead body being found in the loch, he entertained not a doubt of the smith having murdered his wife, and then conveyed her in a sack to the loch. On being asked, if he could aver upon oath, that it was the prisoner whom he saw come out of the house bearing the burden—He said he could not, because the burden which he carried caused the person to stoop, and prevented him from seeing his figure distinctly; but, that it was him, he had no doubt remaining on his mind. On being asked why he had not divulged this sooner and more publicly; he said, that he was afraid the business in which he was engaged that night might have been inquired into, which it was of great consequence to him at that time to keep secret; and, therefore, he was not only obliged to conceal what he had seen, but to escape for a season out of the way, for fear of being examined.

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The smith was tried at the ensuing circuit court of Dumfries, where the widow was examined as a principal witness. She told her story before the judges with firmness, and swore to every circumstance communicated to her by the ghost; and even when cross-examined by the prisoner's counsel, she was not found to prevaricate in the least. The jury appeared to be staggered, and could not refuse their assent to the truth of this relation. The counsel, however, obviated this proof, on account of its being related at second hand, and not by an eye-witness of the transaction. He therefore refused to admit it against his client, unless the ghost appeared personally, and made a verbal accusation; and, being a gentleman of a sarcastic turn, he was but too successful in turning this part of

the evidence into ridicule, thereby quite, or in a great measure, undoing the effect that it had made on the minds of the jury.

A material witness being still wanting, the smith was remanded back to prison until the autumnal circuit, at which time his trial was concluded. The witness above mentioned having then been found, he stated to the court, That as he chanced to pass the prisoner's door, between one and two in the morning of that day on which the deceased was found in the loch, he heard a noise as of one forcing his way out: and wondering who it could be that was in the house at that hour, he had the curiosity to conceal himself in an adjoining door, until he saw who come out: That the night being very dark, he was obliged to cour down almost close to the earth, in order that he might have the object between him and the sky; and, while sitting in that posture, he saw a man come out of the smith's house, with something in a sack upon his back: That he followed the figure for some time, and intended to have followed farther; but he was seized with an indescribable terror, and went away home; and that, on the morning, when he heard of the dead body being found in the loch, he entertained not a doubt of the smith having murdered his wife, and then conveyed her in a sack to the loch. On being asked, if he could aver upon oath, that it was the prisoner whom he saw come out of the house bearing the burden—He said he could not, because the burden which he carried caused the person to stoop, and prevented him from seeing his figure distinctly; but, that it was him, he had no doubt remaining on his mind. On being asked why he had not divulged this sooner and more publicly; he said, that he was afraid the business in which he was engaged that night might have been inquired into, which it was of great consequence to him at that time to keep secret; and, therefore, he was not only obliged to conceal what he had seen, but to escape for a season out of the way, for fear of being examined.

The crime of the prisoner appeared now to be obvious; at least the presumption was strong against him. Nevertheless, the judge, in summing up the evidence, considered the proof as defective; expatiated at considerable length on the extraordinary story related by the widow, which it could not be denied had been the occasion of bringing the whole to light, and had been most wonderfully exemplified by corresponding facts; and said he considered himself bound to account for it in a natural way, for the satisfaction of his own mind and the minds of the jury, and could account for it in no other way, than by supposing that the witness had discovered the fracture before the body of her friend had been consigned to the grave; and that, on considering leisurely and seriously the various circumstances connected with the fatal catastrophe, she had become convinced of the prisoner's guilt, and had either fancied, or, more probably, dreamed the story, on which she had dwelt so long, that she believed it as a fact.

After all, the jury, by a small majority, returned a verdict of *not proven*; and, after a severe reprobation and suitable exhortation, the smith was dismissed from the bar. I forgot to mention in its proper place, that one of the principal things in his favour was, that of his abandoned inamorata having made oath that he was in her apartment all that night, and never left it.

He was now acquitted in the eye of the law, but not in the eyes of his countrymen; for all those who knew the circumstances, believed him guilty of the murder of his wife. On the very night of his acquittal, he repaired at a late hour to the abode of his beloved Egyptian; but he was suspected, and his motions watched with all due care. Accordingly next morning, at break of day, a large mob, who had assembled with all quietness, broke into the house, and dragged both the parties from the same den; and, after making them ride the stang through all the principal streets of the town, threw them into the loch, and gave them a complete ducking, suffering

them barely to escape with life. At the same time, on their dismissal, they were informed, that if they continued in the same course of life, the experiment would be very frequently repeated. Shortly after that, the two offending delinquents made a moonlight flitting, and escaped into Cumberland. My informant had not heard more of them, but she assured me they would make a bad end.

ADAM BELL.

THIS tale, which may be depended on as in every part true, is singular, for the circumstance of its being insolvable either from the facts that have been discovered relating to it, or by reason: for though events sometimes occur among mankind, which at the time seem inexplicable, yet there being always some individuals acquainted with the primary cause of those events, they seldom fail of being brought to light before all the actors in them, or their confidants, are removed from this state of existence. But the causes which produced the events here related, have never been accounted for in this world; even conjecture is left to wander in a labyrinth, unable to get hold of the thread that leads to the catastrophe.

Mr. Bell was a gentleman of Annandale, in Dumfries-shire, in the south of Scotland, the proprietor of a considerable estate in that district, part of which he occupied himself. He lost his father when he was an infant, and his mother dying when he was about twenty years of age, left him the sole proprietor of the estate, besides a large sum of money at interest, for which he was indebted, in a great measure to his mother's parsimony during his minority. His person was tall, comely, and athletic, and his whole delight was in war-like and violent exercises. He was the best horseman and marksman in the country, and valued himself particularly upon his skill in the broad sword exercise. Of this he often boasted aloud, and regretted that there was not one in the country whose prowess was in some degree equal to his own.

In the autumn of 1745, after being for several days busily and silently employed in preparing for his journey, he left his own house and went for Edinburgh, giving at the same time such directions to his servants, as indicated his intention of being absent for some time.

A few days after he had left his home, in the morning, while his house-keeper was putting the house in order for the day, her master, as she thought, entered by the kitchen door, the other being bolted, and passed her in the middle of the floor. He was buttoned in his great coat, which was the same he had on when he went from home; he likewise had the same hat on his head, and the same whip in his hand which he took with him. At sight of him she uttered a shriek, but recovering her surprise, instantly said to him, 'You have not staid so long from us, Sir.' He made no reply but went sullenly into his own room, without throwing off his great coat. After a pause of about five minutes, she followed him into the room—he was standing at his desk with his back toward her—she asked him if he wished to have a fire kindled? and afterwards if he was well enough? but he still made no reply to any of these question. She was astonished, and returned into the kitchen. After tarrying about other five minutes he went out at the front door, it being then open, and walked deliberately toward the bank of the river Kinnel, which was deep and wooded, and in that he vanished from her sight. The woman ran out in the utmost consternation to acquaint the men who were servants belonging to the house; and coming to one of the ploughmen, she told him that their master was come home, and had certainly lost his reason, for that he was wandering about the house and would not speak. The man loosed his horses from the plough and came home, listened to the woman's relation, made her repeat it again and again, and then assured her that she was raving, for their master's horse was not in the stable, and of course he had not be come home.—

However, as she persisted in her asseveration with every appearance of sincerity, he went into the linn to see what was become of his mysterious master. He was neither to be seen nor heard of in all the country!—It was then concluded that the house-keeper had seen an apparition, and that something had befallen their master; but on consulting with some old people, skilled in those matters, they learned, that when a *wraith*, or apparition of a living person, appeared while the sun was up, instead of being a prelude of instant death, it prognosticated very long life: and, moreover, that it could not possibly be a ghost that she had seen, for they always chose the night season for making their visits. In short, though it was the general topic of conversation among the servants, and the people in their vicinity, no reasonable conclusion could be formed on the subject.

The most probable conjecture was, that as Mr. Bell was known to be so fond of arms, and had left his home on the very day that prince Charles Stuart and his Highlanders defeated General Hawley on Falkirk moor, he had gone either with him or the Duke of Cumberland to the north. It was, however, afterwards ascertained, that he had never joined any of the armies. Week came after week, and month after month, but no word of Mr. Bell. A female cousin was his nearest living relation; her husband took the management of his affairs; and, concluding that he had either joined the army, or drowned himself in the Kinnel when he was seen go into the linn, made no more inquiries after him.

About this very time, a respectable farmer, whose surname was M'Millan, and who resided in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh, happened to be in Edinburgh about some business. In the evening he called upon a friend, who lived near Holyrood-house; and being seized with an indisposition, they persuaded him to tarry with them all night. About the middle of the night he grew exceedingly ill, and not being able to find any rest or ease in his bed, imagined he would

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be the better of a walk. He put on his clothes, and that he might not disturb the family, slipped quietly out at the back door, and walked in St. Anthony's garden behind the house. The moon shone so bright that it was almost as light as noon-day, and he had scarcely taken a single turn, until he saw a tall man enter from the other side, buttoned in a drab-coloured great coat. It so happened that at that time M'Millan stood in the shadow of the wall, and perceiving that the stranger did not observe him, a thought struck him that it would not be amiss to keep himself concealed, that he might see what the man was going to be about. He walked backwards and forwards for some time in apparent impatience, looking at his watch every minute, until at length another man came in by the same way, buttoned likewise in a great coat, and having a bonnet on his head. He was remarkably stout made, but considerably lower in stature than the other. They exchanged only a single word; then turning both about, they threw off their great coats, drew their swords, and began a most desperate and well contested combat.

The tall gentleman appeared to have the advantage. He constantly gained ground on the other, and drove him half round the division of the garden in which they fought. Each of them strove to fight with his back toward the moon, so that she might shine full in the face of his opponent; and many rapid wheels were made for the purpose of gaining this position. The engagement was long and obstinate, and by the desperate thrusts that were frequently aimed on both sides, was evident that they meant one another's destruction. They came at length within a few yards of the place where M'Millan still stood concealed. They were both out of breath, and at that instant a small cloud chancing to overshadow the moon, one of them called out, 'Hold, we can't see.'—They uncovered their heads—wiped their faces—and as soon as the moon emerged from the cloud, each resumed

his guard. Surely that was an awful pause! and short, indeed, was the stage between it and eternity with the one! The tall gentleman made a lounge at the other, who parried and returned it; and as the former sprung back to avoid the thrust, his foot slipped, and he stumbled forward toward his antagonist, who dexterously met his breast in the fall with the point of his sword, and ran him through the body. He made only one feeble convulsive struggle, as if attempting to rise; and expired almost instantaneously.

M'Millan was petrified with horror; but conceiving himself to be in a perilous situation, having stolen out of the house at that dead hour of the night, he had so much presence of mind as to hold his peace, and to keep from interfering in the smallest degree.

The surviving combatant wiped his sword with great composure—put on his bonnet—covered the body with one of the great coats—took up the other, and departed; M'Millan returned quietly to his chamber without awakening any of the family. His pains were gone; but his mind was shocked and exceedingly perturbed; and after deliberating until morning, he determined to say nothing of the matter, and to make no living creature acquainted with what he had seen; thinking that suspicion would infallibly rest on him. Accordingly, he kept his bed next morning until his friend brought him the tidings, that a gentleman had been murdered at the back of the house during the night. He then arose and examined the body, which was that of a young man, seemingly from the country, having brown hair, and fine manly features. He had neither letter, book, nor signature of any kind about him, that could in the least lead to a discovery of who he was; only a common silver watch was found in his pocket, and an elegant sword was clasped in his cold bloody hand, which had an A. and B. engraved on the hilt. The sword had entered at his breast, and gone out at his

back a little below the left shoulder. He had likewise received a slight wound on the sword arm.

The body was carried to the dead-room, where it lay for eight days, and though great numbers inspected it, yet none knew who or whence the deceased was, and he was at length buried among the strangers in the Grayfriars Church-yard.

Sixteen years elapsed before M'Millan once mentioned the circumstance of his having seen the duel, to any person; but, at that period, being in Annandale receiving some sheep that he had bought, and chancing to hear of the astonishing circumstances of Bell's disappearance, he divulged the whole.

—The time, the description of his person, his clothes, and above all, the sword with the initials of his name engraven upon it, confirmed the fact beyond the smallest shadow of doubt, that it was Mr. Bell whom he had seen killed in the duel behind the Abbey. But who the person was that slew him, how the quarrel commenced, or who it was that appeared to his housekeeper, remains to this day a profound secret, and is likely to remain so, until that day when every deed of darkness shall be brought to light.

Some have even ventured to blame M'Millan for the whole, on account of his long concealment of facts; and likewise in consideration of his uncommon bodily strength, and daring disposition, he being one of the boldest and most enterprising men of the age in which he lived; but all who knew him despised such insinuations, and declared them to be entirely inconsistent with his character, which was most honourable and disinterested; and besides, his tale has every appearance of truth, ‘*Pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem.*’

ART. VIII.—*Miscellaneous Articles.*

Memoir of Lord Castlereagh.
(from the New Monthly Magazine.)

Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, is the eldest son of the Marquis of Londonderry, his father being elevated to the rank of a marquis in 1816. The family was first ennobled in 1789, when the present marquis was created a baron, on the 18th of August. His first wife whom he married June 3d, 1766, was Sarah Frances, a daughter of the Earl of Hertford, but who died on the 18th of July, 1770. Lord Castlereagh was the issue of this marriage, and was born on the 18th of June, 1769. His lordship married, secondly, on the 3d of June, 1775, Frances, daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl Camden, by whom he has had several children.

Before Lord Castlereagh had attained his twenty-first year he was returned to the Irish Parliament, as knight of the shire for the county of Down, where the family estates chiefly lie. In his election, which was severely contested, he was supported by the wealth and influence of his father, who is reported to have expended nearly 30,000*l.* in order to secure his son's triumph. He was not long in Parliament before he essayed his powers as an orator. The subject which called forth his maiden effort, was upon the question, whether Ireland had a right to trade to India, notwithstanding the monopoly of the East India company. The Hon. Mr. Stewart (for the Marquis of Londonderry was then only a baron,) maintained the affirmative of the question; and it is said, he exhibited considerable knowledge as well as a sound understanding.

When Lord Camden was sent out to Ireland as viceroy, his kinsman, as might be expected, felt the influence of those ties by which the families were connected. Lord Castlereagh was soon raised to the ho-

nour of a place in the Irish cabinet. But it would be unjust to infer that he owed this distinction solely to that influence. His lordship's talents, his extreme assiduity, and his persevering habits of business, pointed him out as a person eminently qualified to serve the government; and he had, by this time, made his election, as to the political path which he was determined to pursue. At the outset of his career, he had shown some disposition towards whiggism, captivated, as young minds are apt to be, by the specious principles of that once popular party. As his judgment became more matured, however, he soon discovered that his means of doing good would be increased by an alliance with the government, and that in exchanging for these means, the privilege of complaint, and the assumption of superior wisdom, he was merely renouncing a plausible but exploded patriotism, for a rational, and therefore practicable sphere of action. This change, if change it can be called, which was little else than abandoning the neutral character of an observer, the moment he discerned the path in which he felt he could best exercise his talents, subjected him, of course, to a charge of apostacy: a charge which he shared in common with Mr Pitt, whose youthful mind was equally fascinated with the allurements of exclusive virtue and honour, as assumed by the Whigs; but whose riper faculties disdained the trickery and delusion inherent in such arrogant pretensions.

In 1798, Lord Castlereagh became the chief secretary of Ireland, an office then filled by the Hon. Thomas Pelham, now Earl of Chichester. That gentleman had, for some months, been obliged to suspend his attention to his official duties in consequence of ill-health, and Lord Castlereagh performed them tem-

porarily as his substitute. This was under the viceroyalty of Earl Camden. At length, however, he found it expedient to retire altogether from the arduous station; and when the Marquis of Cornwallis assumed the reins of the viceregal government, Lord Castlereagh was formally appointed to the chief secretaryship, an office which he continued to hold till 1801, when he resigned it, during the administration of the Earl of Hardwicke, in favour of the Right Hon. Charles Abbot, afterwards distinguished as the Speaker of the House of Commons, and lately elevated to the peerage by the title of Lord Colchester.

The office of chief secretary of the Irish government, before the Union, was one of great importance; and accordingly, if we look back to the list of persons who filled the situation during the present reign, we shall find in it the names of many who afterwards became eminent among the statesmen of their time. He was, in fact, the prime minister of Ireland, and stood in nearly the same degree of connexion, with respect to the viceroy, which the prime minister of England does with respect to the sovereign. Upon him devolved the management of the Irish House of Commons, a task of no small difficulty or delicacy, when it is recollect ed of what materials that House was commonly composed, and what principles were recognised and acted upon in its management. In addition, however, to what may be considered as the ordinary exigencies of this office, there were others of a still more formidable and trying character attached to it, at the time when its duties were assumed by Lord Castlereagh. The rebellion, which had long agitated Ireland, now began to develop itself in all its most aggravated qualities, and to rage with all the calamitous symptoms of a civil war. In this crisis of his country's fate, Lord Castlereagh exhibited a de-

gree of fortitude, of presence of mind, and of discretion, which far surpassed his years. That these virtues exposed him to the hatred and reproaches of those who found in them insuperable obstacles to the success of their criminal enterprises, may easily be imagined; and the calumnies which had their origin in that disastrous period of civil strife, have since been perpetuated by the unforgiving passions of men, who fled from Ireland to save their forfeited lives. A minister who does his duty to his king and country, when both are menaced by traitors, must expect, if he survive the conflict, to incur the bitterest enmity of those whom he has baffled. Hence, Lord Castlereagh has been stigmatised by expatriated Irish rebels, who have taken up their abode in England, as the contriver and patron of cruelties during the rebellion, which require a rebel's heart to imagine, and a rebel's head to believe. The whippings, the stranglings, the half-hangings, &c. which are currently alleged to have taken place in the Castleyard, Dublin, under the sanction of the chief secretary, but which are not as currently believed, are gross exaggerations. They never did take place, to the extent, or in the manner, which has been represented. But if they had, they would not, of themselves, constitute a *prima facie* case of cruelty and oppression against the government of that day, or against Lord Castlereagh, whom it has been the fashion, from malignant motives, to consider as synonymous with the government. Such calamities are incident to a state of civil commotion, where neither the eye of authority, nor the power of the law can always be effectual. They form the melancholy consequence of crime which, when general, too often devolves punishment upon the innocent; for what can stop the passions and resentment of a multitude acting from public and private feel-

ings? It would be impossible to devise any plan, any scheme of government, any degree of vigilance, competent to restrain or punish unauthorised excesses, when a nation is agitated and torn by internal faction and open rebellion. Before, then, the severities exercised by the Irish government [admitting the most exaggerated accounts of them to be true,] are stigmatised as sanguinary and needless, let it be satisfactorily shown that proceedings of a more lenient and conciliatory character could have been wisely and safely adopted. If this cannot be shown, and we firmly believe it cannot, we may lament the constrained rigor of insulted authority, but we cannot condemn it.

The Union was another of those measures which increased the arduous responsibilities of the office of Irish secretary, during the period when Lord Castlereagh filled it. It is obvious that in this brief Memoir of his lordship, it would be impossible for us to enter into any consideration of this great national event, or to mark the progress of those violent passions engendered by it, which the lapse of twenty years has not been sufficient to subdue. Suffice it to say, that his lordship's parliamentary conduct, during the time of its discussion in the Irish legislature, was such as held forth the strongest promise of that political eminence to which he has since attained. Coupled, however, as his name inevitably was, with the stern measures which led to the suppression of the rebellion, and with those which deprived Ireland of her Parliament, it may be supposed that he incurred no ordinary share of popular odium. Some idea of the extent to which this disfavour was carried, may be formed from the following emphatic toast, which was commonly drunk, at that period, by the United Irishmen, and the disaffected generally in their convivial meetings:—

A high gallows, and a windy day,
To Corney, Pitt, and Castlereagh.

By Corney, was meant the Marquis of Cornwallis, who continued Viceroy of Ireland from the year 1798 to 1801.

It may be mentioned as a striking instance of the youthful character of his lordship, while taking a leading part in these momentous transactions, that he was frequently designated by the epithet of *stripling*, in the Irish House of Commons, during the stormy discussions upon the Union; and Mr. Plunkett, in the course of one of his speeches, made use of the following expressions:—“I was induced to think that we had, at the head of the executive government of this country, a plain honest soldier, unaccustomed to, and disdaining, the intrigues of politics; and who, as an additional evidence of the directness and purity of his views, had chosen for his secretary a simple and modest youth, (*puer ingenui vultus, ingenuique pudoris,*) whose inexperience was the voucher of his innocence; yet, am I bold to say, that during the viceroyalty of that unspotted veteran, and during the administration of that unassuming stripling, within the last six weeks, a system of black corruption had been carried on, &c.”—It was in a similar way that Mr. Pitt was taunted by Sheridan, Fox, and others, with his youth, when he first assumed the office of prime minister.

When the Union was carried, and the Irish Parliament blended with that of England, Lord Castlereagh quitted his native country for the latter, animated by the ambition of signalizing his talents in the councils of the united empire. Having been returned to the Imperial Parliament, he took an active part in the debates, and gradually won upon the confidence of the House. When Mr. Pitt retired from the situation of prime minister, in 1801, a change of administration of course

took place; and Lord Castlereagh accepted, under Mr. Addington, the office of President of the Board of Control for the affairs of India, succeeding in that department, Lord Viscount Lewisham, now Earl Dartmouth. In May, 1804, Mr. Pitt returned to power, and his lordship continued to hold his appointment with much credit to himself, and great advantage to the interests of our Indian possessions. Shortly afterwards, he succeeded to the more important office (more important in reference to the period of which we are speaking,) of secretary of state for war and colonies; but when the lamented death of that great minister took place, in January, 1806, he retired, with his colleagues, to make room for the Whig ministry of Mr. Fox. He was succeeded in his office by the late Mr. Windham, who, on moving the thanks of the House, in December, 1806, to Sir John Stuart, for his services at the battle of Maida, took occasion to bestow some liberal compliments upon Lord Castlereagh, under whose administration the enterprize had been planned.

Lord Castlereagh did not long remain out of office. Mr. Fox died in August, 1806, only a few short months after the decease of his illustrious rival. An effort was made to supply his loss, and keep the party in their places; but *all their talents* could not prevail. The country soon became disgusted with their conduct; for it was now glaringly obvious that their pretensions to superior political virtue, as compared with their opponents, were mere illusion. The Catholic question at last destroyed them, more, perhaps, from the inflexible manner with which they endeavoured to force it upon their sovereign, than from its intrinsic unpopularity, though that was considerable. When the Whigs retired, after their short glimpse of power, patronage, and profit, a new ministry was formed in April, 1807,

under the auspices of the late Duke of Portland, who was nominated prime minister. Lord Castlereagh then resumed his former situation as secretary of state for war and colonies: and in which he continued till 1809, till the unfortunate misunderstanding between himself and Mr. Canning, induced him to resign. It is not our intention to enter into the complicated merits of this question; but we have no hesitation in stating it, as the result of a mature examination of the whole transaction, that Lord Castlereagh was entirely justified in the view he took of it. We do not mean to say that Mr. Canning was any party to the duplicity, which was practised upon his noble colleague; but that there was duplicity, or something very nearly approaching to it, and that, too, at the expense of Lord Castlereagh's honour and feelings, is unquestionable. There is every reason, however, to believe that Mr. Canning was himself deluded. The duel that followed, and all the circumstances attending it, are too fresh in the memory of the public to require any thing more than this brief allusion to the unpleasant event.

Lord Castlereagh was succeeded in his office by the Earl of Liverpool, and he remained unattached to his Majesty's government till the year 1812, when, upon the assassination of Mr. Percival, another ministerial change took place and Lord Castlereagh accepted the seals of the Foreign Office, which he has ever since continued to hold.

The distinguished character which he sustained, as a negotiator, at Chatillon, at Paris, and at Vienna, after the abdication of Bonaparte, has placed his name higher in the scroll of diplomatic fame than ever was attained before by any British minister. When his lordship returned from Paris, in June, 1814, and laid upon the table of the House of Commons, the treaty of peace

between France and the Allies, he was received, upon his entrance into the House, with loud acclamations from all sides. Even the sullen spirit of Whiggism relaxed, and lost something of its arrogant selfishness, while it acknowledged the extraordinary abilities displayed by the noble lord as a negotiator. The sagacity, the firmness, and the profound policy which he evinced, subsequently, at the first Congress of Vienna, (whose sittings were interrupted by the escape of Bonaparte from Elbe,) impressed upon the continental sovereigns and their ministers a high notion of his character.

As an orator, Lord Castlereagh is not greatly distinguished. His style is difficult, and his language not always correct. But the acute and comprehensive views which he takes of almost every subject, amply compensate for the absence of any embellishments in his mode of discussing them. He is always listened to with great attention, and whatever differences of opinion may subsist between him and his opponents, the mild and conciliatory tone which he invariably adopts—his polished manners—and insinuating courtesy—neutralise all asperity of feeling. It very rarely happens that he is animated into any thing like fervour, though we have occasionally seen him thus excited. The effect was not unpleasing. On the contrary, it rather inspired a wish in the observers, that he could often divest himself of a coldness, bordering upon apathy, which must weaken his influence over a popular assembly.

It only remains to mention, that his lordship married, in the year 1794, Amelia Hobart, youngest daughter and co-heiress of John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire.

Account of an Improvisatore; in a letter from an English traveller at Rome.

‘A NEW improvisatore has made his appearance at Rome. We had heard much of his prodigious talents, and went to see him yesterday. When the company had assembled, subjects were requested and given by a variety of persons, some of whom were known to us, and who could not have an understanding with the improvisatore. All those subjects were thrown into a box, which was sent round to ladies principally; and those who chose (they happened to be foreigners) drew the subjects, four in number, on which the improvisatore was to exert his talents that night. He then (Tommaso Scriggi) entered the room,—for these preparative arrangements had been made in his absence,—and I own I was strongly prepossessed against him at first. He is a well made little man, about 25 years old, with the shuffling gait and mincing step of a woman in man’s clothes, with nice yellow morocco shoes, and white pantaloons and waistcoat; a lily white hand, with diamonds that put out your eyes; an embroidered shirt collar, like lace falling over his shoulders; no neckcloth, a bare neck, with a handsome expressive face, shaded with abundance of black hair and luxuriant whiskers. He took the subjects and read them over; they were, “The dispute about the armour of Achilles,”—“The creation of the world,”—and “Sophonisba.” He paused and then began, without recitatio, singing, or musical accompaniment of any sort, and went on without hesitation or seeming effort, only occasionally repeating the same verse twice over. The two first subjects took him an hour and an half, with very little pause between. I lost too much to give any opinion on what he said, the manner, indeed, took up, at first, so much of my attention, as to make me lose more of the sense than I should otherwise have done;—that manner was admirably good, voice, action, and expression of counte-

nance was that of a good actor, knowing his part thoroughly, and full of its spirit. I felt uneasy a long while, thinking he could not go on thus fluently and easily, and must come to a full stop, be lost in difficulties, and tumble down from the giddy height. Sometimes I thought this must be a studied part, and an imposition on our credulity; yet when I recollect the circumstance of the giving the subjects and the drawing out of the numbers, I was satisfied it was impossible. The attention of the Italians was rivetted upon him; yet their applause was not too frequent and indiscriminate, it burst out now and then with great violence, but in general they were silent. If we had been astonished at Scriggi's two first extempore poems, how much more when he gave a tragedy in three acts, on the story of Sophonisba, stating first his dramatis personæ, viz. Sophonisba, and Syphax her husband; Massanissa and Scipio; Sophonisba's female attendant and a Roman soldier. One of the audience, a lady of our party, better skilled in Italian than myself, wrote from memory the following account of the tragedy, which was shown to an Italian present, and thought correct.

The attendant enters lamenting the misfortunes of her mistress, whom she says she has left in her bed paler than the sheets on which she reclines; while her attendants are preparing her bridal ornaments, she, wrapped in her mourning garments, heeds them not. Sophonisba enters, confesses that she has fervently loved Massanissa, but abhors the idea of uniting herself to the enemy of her country. Massanissa appears transported with joy at the thought of obtaining Sophonisba. She endeavours to persuade him to forsake the Romans, and become the friend of Carthage. He asks for what quality she formerly loved him; it was not for a fine figure or a strong arm, but for a faithful and an honest

heart, and what should he be if he should desert the Romans, and Scipio, the friend to whom he owed every thing! He then urges every argument to prevail with her to be his, and at last the victorious one, of its being the only means to save herself from being led in triumph to Rome. This is decisive, and she appears rather relieved at her duty and inclination coinciding. The ceremony is actually taking place, and they are exchanging vows before the altar of Juno, when they are interrupted by a Roman soldier, who commands them in the name of Scipio and of the Roman people to stop. Massanissa replies that Scipio is his friend, not his master, that he will sacrifice his life but not his love to him. Scipio himself then appears, and Sophonisba retires. The Roman argues against an union which will render Massanissa the enemy of Rome; the latter then draws the most beautiful picture of his mistress, of her virtues, of her faith, and declares that he cannot abandon her. Scipio yields, though he says at the risk of incurring the indignation of the Roman people. Barca (the maid) now occupies the scene,—a warrior in disguise presents himself to her, and demands an interview with Sophonisba, and gives a ring to be delivered to her. She knows the ring for that of Syphax, and she comes. The warrior tells her that her husband in expiring had commanded him to offer her an asylum, a poor one it must be. She refuses to follow him: Says, perhaps he himself may have been the assassin of Syphax, or have possessed himself by treachery of the ring. He lifts his vizard and shows that he is Syphax. She almost faints at the discovery. He tells her he is aware she never loved him, that obedience not choice had made her his, but asks her, if now that he is abandoned by all, she too will forsake him. After a momentary struggle, she answers, No! she will follow him.

He then tells her of a subterranean passage leading from the Temple of Jupiter to the sea,—that he has a little bark that will carry them safe from their enemies; at midnight he expects her. Massanissa, however, is impatient to receive Sophonisba's vows, and the altar is prepared; but before she is carried to it, she writes to Syphax, swears fidelity to him, and renews her promise to fly with him at the appointed hour, commits her letter to Barca, who says she knows the passage well. Scipio and a Roman soldier now occupy the scene; the latter tells the former, that having entered a passage he had by chance perceived, a woman had met him, and given him this note, accompanied with some mysterious words, and had disappeared, seeming glad to have executed her commission, and he thought it his duty to bring the paper. The general praises the soldier, and promises reward. He reads the letter and though rejoiced at the contents, pours out a great deal of commonplace abuse on women in general, and Sophonisba in particular. Massanissa, in the mean time, hurries his bride to the altar of Juno. She is swearing to him all the love, and all the faith she has a right to give him, when Scipio enters and gives the fatal letter. The ceremony is interrupted, Sophonisba retires, and Massanissa, in transports of rage, swears to murder the lover in her arms. Midnight arrives; Syphax appears; he is attacked and mortally wounded by Massanissa, and suspects for a moment that Sophonisba has betrayed him. She appears, throws herself down beside him, swears not to survive, and kills herself.

The improvisatore never mentioned the names of the interlocutors, but by the change of tone, and frequently, also, the change of place, left no doubt about the speaker. He used the heroic Italian blank verse of eleven syllables, but in the cho-

rus, which recurred several times, he used rhyme of all sorts, from four to twelve syllables. The tragedy lasted two hours and a half; he died twice in the course of it, once in the floor to suit the English taste I presume, and once in an arm chair, in the French decorous manner, both times with appropriate action, very energetic, but very natural and graceful, and never *outre*. His fine tones were quite free from the guttural *r r r* with which the Italians are apt to spoil their sweet harmonious language. He forgot the coxcomb in the transports of the poet, and never once, I really believe, thought of his rings or watch chain during the whole time. His great fault was abundance. Had he had a little time to consider, I have no doubt he would have been much shorter and much better. Yet this very abundance excites astonishment, for who would undertake to construct verses, even if they were nonsense, in correct measure, during two hours and a half; and when it is considered, that, instead of nonsense, a regular plot is to be contrived and carried through, even with the help of recollection as well as invention, and that the story was, in this instance, not only always plain and intelligible, but often told with great force and eloquence, so as to draw sudden bursts of applause from an audience generally cool and silent, the thing appears almost miraculous. At the conclusion there was a rush of a number of admirers towards to poet, and he was carried off among them in a sort of spontaneous triumph!

Tommaso Scriggi is the son of an advocate of Arezzo. He was educated at the University of Pisa, or rather that branch of it established at Florence, and was intended for the law; but his love of poetry, and particular talents for improvising, at which almost all the young men here try their powers at an early period of their lives, has at length made

him a sort of professor of the art, in which he is deemed by most Italians to excel any improvisatore that ever was known. Young men who have been his companions at college told me that his conversation was poetry itself; that he was well informed on most subjects, but chiefly in belles lettres. They admit that he is a great coxcomb, effeminate in his dress and manners, and often admiring himself in a mirror; yet this course of thinking and language is represented to be the very reverse of his manners, and much in the style of Alfieri. He has been accused of being something of a jacobin as most political school-boys are. The poet having been lately accused, at the house of an English lady, of having praised Bonaparte, he replied, with great warmth, 'that he praised no kings:' a speech which was thought rather a confirmation of the charge. M. Scriggi has adopted this exhibition as a trade; a scudo is paid for a ticket of admission; yet he will not speak on a stage, and borrows rooms

in a palace for the night--such are the niceties of pride!—Speaking of palaces, they are so numerous, and the proprietors often so poor, that any body can be lodged in a palace, that is, a house with a *porte cochere*, with a court inside, where a carriage may turn; but as there are no porters here, the gates stand wide open, and form on each side of the entrance a recess,—a sort of place most convenient to passengers, the public having thus a prescriptive right, which nobody thinks of disputing, so that the entrance into most Roman palaces is a perfect *cloaque*, through which you must wade, and often see indecencies which would be deemed incredible in other countries. A stranger who had lately taken apartments in one of these great mansions, finding a man *en flagrant delit* at the foot of the stairs, remonstrated on the proceeding. 'Why, I thought this was a palazzo!' replied the astonished offender, in perfect simplicity.

Correction.

In the Memoir of the late William Lewis, June No. p. 494—it was said 'it is much to be regretted that *no* report has been preserved,' &c. The language should have been 'it is much to be regretted that a *fuller* report has not been preserved,' &c. The speeches of Messrs. Wilson and M'Kean, have been published, but not those of any other members.

Erratum.

In page 496, of the same Memoir, for 'uniformly and warmly attached to the *judicial* interest.' read 'uniformly and warmly attached to the *federal* interest.' And *delete the brackets* in the sentence.

